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PARTIES AND PROGRAMMES IN THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

I.—THE NATIONALISTS.

THE numerical results of the Irish elections have been known for some time. There are 71 Nationalist members returned, and there are 9 members elected of the party which professes to represent the policy of Mr. Parnell. It is not always easy to agree upon names for political parties. For myself, I do not much care about niceties of nomenclature. The gentlemen who profess to follow Mr. Parnell choose to call themselves the Independent Party. I have personally not the smallest objection to their calling themselves so and to their being so called. I believe they desire to call my colleagues and myself Irish Whigs. Well, I feel ready and willing, out of mere politeness, to let them call themselves anything they please; but I cannot admit their right to call us anything they please. There was a time when "Irish Whig" would have been accounted a term of honour for an Irish patriot. There was a time when the greatest Whig leader that ever lived, Charles James Fox, was denounced in all the Tory newspapers and caricatures of the day as the instigator of the rebellion of '98. Wolfe Tone and Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Hamilton Rowan would then have been called Irish Whigs. However, the meaning of the term Whig has considerably changed since that time. The Duke of Devonshire is the type of the English Whig of this time—and I have not the slightest fear that any sane human being will believe that my colleagues and I are servile followers of the Duke of Devonshire. It really does not matter about names. We must have some title for each of our parties

if we are to make ourselves intelligible in writing or in conversation. I therefore propose to call my own the Nationalist Party. As we have 72 seats to 9, I think I am entitled to do as much as that—I think Nationalist is our name. Let us leave to the 9 colleagues who have seceded from us the consolation of being allowed to call themselves the Independent Party. Let their independence appear when there is need of it, and then the title will have been fairly earned.

As facts stand, the Nationalist Party has 71 members. But it has also one seat to the good. Mr. William O'Brien has carried two seats, and as soon as Parliament meets and Mr. O'Brien can make his choice and a new writ can be issued, there will be a seat to spare for some one of our colleagues who has failed in securing his re-election. We shall therefore be 72. The Independent Party, as it pleases them to call themselves, and hurts not us that they should be called, are 9. That is to say, 81 Irish votes are to be reckoned with. I credit the Irishmen led by Mr. Redmond with much more common-sense and patriotic feeling than their new admirers in the Conservative Press ascribe to them. I am sure that on every important clause in a Home Rule Bill they will be found in the division lobby with us. As regards the question for or against coercion, and the other question for or against Home Rule, I do not believe that the recent split in the Irish Party will make the slightest difference in the division lobby. I trust that, being by trade a writer of romances, I am not wholly without some gift of imagination. But I certainly have not imagination enough to realise in my own mind the idea of my old friend, Mr. James O'Kelly, endeavouring to set up a coercion Ministry, or to obstruct a Home Rule Bill, for the sole purpose of annoying the Radicals or the Irish Nationalist members. I know that Mr. James O'Kelly is no longer in the House of Commons, and while I am glad that my own party won the seat, I am sorry, as every true Irishman must be sorry, that Mr. O'Kelly is not a member of Parliament. He is a high-minded, honourable, patriotic man, a brave soldier, a true friend to his friend. But even without him I am sure that his party will not believe that independence means assisting the enemies and hindering the friends of Ireland.

Should the Home Rule Bill when brought in prove insufficient or unsatisfactory, then still we shall be in the same lobby—the followers of Mr. Redmond and my colleagues. I especially desire to impress these facts upon the minds of readers who are not Irish. As far as Parlia-

mentary struggles are concerned the situation is practically unchanged for all the split in the Irish Party. Each English Party will still have to reckon with an Irish Party of 81 members—really, if it comes to that, 82 members—for, of course, we must count Mr. T. P. O'Connor, although he sits for an English constituency, as among the most stalwart of Irish National representatives. We have two remarkable additions to the National representation of Ireland. We have for the first time in our Parliamentary ranks the companionship of Mr. Michael Davitt. I regard the accession of Mr. Davitt as an event of the greatest importance to Irish Parliamentary agitation—as an event of very great importance to England as well. No man is better qualified to mediate between the claims of labour and the claims of capital. Mr. Davitt is a man to whose purity of character every Englishman, Scotchman, or Welshman who has ever known him—and he is well known, indeed, all over Great Britain—will bear delighted witness. He is an independent man—although I do not know that he has ever claimed any special title of that kind for himself. I should like to see the man who could persuade Mr. Davitt to sacrifice one principle of the Home Rule cause to gratify any Whig statesman or all the Whig statesmen in existence. Mr. Davitt's acceptance of a seat in the House of Commons is another recognition of the fact that according to the conviction of the most patriotic Irishman the Irish National cause can win its victory by constitutional agitation and within the walls of Parliament. The other new and remarkable addition to our ranks is that of my friend Mr. Edward Blake, for many years the leader of the Liberal Opposition in the Dominion Parliament of Canada. I had the honour of knowing Mr. Blake in Canada, and I know what a position he held in the great colony, and I know something of his eloquence and his capacity for Parliamentary debate. It is always a risk for a man who has made a great name in one Parliamentary assembly to test his reputation by entering another. No matter how closely affined are the characters of the two Parliaments—and, of course, the Parliament of the Dominion follows pretty strictly the rules of the Imperial Parliament at Westminster—yet there must always be a certain difference of atmosphere, as there must be a great difference of subject. But I have no fear for Mr. Blake. Perhaps his own fame suggests his greatest danger. We shall all be expecting so much of him that it will be hard for anyone quite to come up to the common expectation. But I feel sure that even in that way he will triumph in spite

even of over-charged anticipation. In any case I know well that he does not come into the House of Commons merely or primarily for the sake of making a new reputation there. He comes into the Imperial Parliament to serve a great national cause—the cause of the country of his ancestry, although not of his birth. To help us in that great fight is his object—to have helped us in its triumph would, I know, be to him his sufficient reward. But he will have personal success, too, for a reward.

Otherwise the composition of the Irish National Party is not greatly changed. We have for the moment lost some good men—men like Dr. Commins and Mr. Joseph Cox, and Mr. William Murphy and Mr. Jordan, but we shall no doubt be able to find places for them in no long course of time. The party who follow Mr. Redmond have been much more seriously handled in the struggle. They have been reduced from 34, I think, to 9—and they have lost some strong men like Mr. O'Kelly and some popular men like Mr. Carew. In other words, they return to Parliament in a totally different condition from that in which they quitted it when going forth to seek their fortunes at the elections. I do not suppose that they can feel greatly disappointed. Some months ago, when the prospect for them was all wild, vague, and confused, they may have had hopes of holding a large number of seats in Ireland. Lately, however, they must have come to know pretty well that such hopes could not possibly be fulfilled. I am inclined to think that when they came out of the election with nine seats saved, they must have felt that they had done quite as well as could be expected. They had already suffered a great loss by the premature and lamented death of Mr. Richard Power—by far the most popular man in their division of the party. Everyone admired and liked the genial, gallant "Dick" Power. No party could be without something to be said for it which had such a man in its midst. He was the soul of honour and generosity—no one ever could have suspected his motives or doubted his patriotism. The retirement of Mr. Edward Sheil from public life is also a loss to the party led by Mr. Redmond. Mr. Sheil had been one of the Old Guard. He stood by Mr. Parnell's side when the whole House of Commons, the majority of the Irish members included, was the other way, and when, of the compact band which stood up to defy both the great English parties combined, we might have justly said, "We are seven." I am proud to think that I was in that fight—that I voluntarily joined it when its struggle was at the hottest and when its fortunes were at the darkest. I had come into the House of Commons an absolutely

unpledged member, but I soon saw that Mr. Parnell had got hold of the right sort of policy to compel and exact a full public hearing for our national claims. I saw that, and I saw, too, that he had the energy and the force of character to carry out his idea, and I was only too happy to give him any help that was in my power.

Our division of the Irish members has lost, for the time at least, a very strong and capable man in the person of Mr. William Abraham. Mr. Abraham has not been defeated; he resigned. He declined coming forward again just now, for reasons which I understand and appreciate, and the result of which I can only regret. No Irish member was more popular with an English public meeting than Mr. Abraham. He could make a powerful speech on a public platform, and then he could go round among the farmers or the artisans, as it might happen to be, and talk good common-sense with them, and explain things and argue away difficulties and quietly confute objections, and there was in his manner and his look and his tone an evident sincerity that carried conviction along with it. Mr. Abraham will, I hope, come into the House of Commons again, and before long, but in the meantime his old colleagues will miss him, and English public platforms will miss his bright presence, his thrilling voice, and his genial manner. There were defeats for our party in the recent campaign which everybody expected. We all knew that Mr. Sexton was going to lose West Belfast. No man had ever done more for a constituency than Mr. Sexton did for West Belfast. He worked as hard in its local interests as if he had been the salaried agent of the city, and had nothing in all his life to do but look after its local interests. Often when I observed how he toiled for the merchants and shippers of Belfast, the vast majority of whom were determined to vote against him, have I been reminded of the words in which Mr. Sexton's great countryman, Burke, asked the merchants and shippers of Bristol to remember that he had worked in their interests as if he had been their commissioned broker. And all the time Burke had greater interests—national interests, Imperial interests—demanding his care, his intellect, his energy, his eloquence; and so, too, had Mr. Sexton. Of course, Mr. Sexton got a seat almost at once after the defeat in West Belfast. A party should indeed be rich in genius and in eloquence that could afford to do without such a man; a party should be stinted and starved of gratitude and of public feeling which could be content to leave such a man for one single week out of its ranks.

The defeat in Derry City, too, was anticipated, and as the approaching

days went on began to be regarded as a certainty. The absence of the Nationalist candidate, owing to ill-health, may have had something to do with the defeat. But I do not fancy it had much to do with it. I think the mind of everyone in Derry was pretty well made up on both sides. A Nationalist candidate who was a powerful and thrilling platform speaker might, perhaps, have been seriously missed from the contest, and might, if in the contest, have carried away some flickering and faltering votes on the verge of the fight. But I know the Nationalist candidate, and I know that he is not a thrilling and a powerful platform speaker—and I do not believe that the gallant struggle which was made by the Nationalists of Derry suffered any serious detriment from his enforced absence. The Nationalist candidate for Derry found, as Mr. Sexton did, another seat immediately after his defeat, and, like Mr. Sexton, will be able to present himself at the opening day of Parliament. Still, of course, it has to be admitted that the two seats, West Belfast and Derry, were lost to the Conservatives. The division in the Nationalist Party may no doubt have had something to do with the loss in either case. I am rather inclined, however, to believe that certain prudent and practical arrangements made since the former General Election by the Conservative or Orange employers of labour in West Belfast and in Derry had a good deal more to do with the Conservative victories than anything that happened in the National Party itself. We shall, in all probability, carry Derry next time—and West Belfast as well, I hope. Most of the losses sustained by us in Dublin were also losses well anticipated. The split in the party had, of course, everything to do with some of these. On our side it was felt that we must fight, even with little or no chance of success. We must not despair of the Republic. We fought, and we lost. There, too, we can fairly hope for better luck next time. Next time, perhaps, the internecine controversy in the Irish Party may have become only one more painful chapter in the much disturbed history of Ireland.

I have been reading in several London papers that Home Rule is to be put off until after the Liberal Party has succeeded in passing one or two important measures of reform for the two islands—the "One Man One Vote" measure, for example. I have even read of such a course of policy being advocated in thoroughly Liberal journals which ought to know better. When Mr. Gladstone publicly announces that he has resolved to act upon such advice and to put off Home Rule, I shall believe that he has so decided, but certainly not until then. I am con-

vinced that he has not the slightest idea of postponing Home Rule. It is as well to speak out plainly, and to say that nobody who really understands the conditions of the crisis could possibly offer him such advice. The Irish Nationalist Party never could consent to the postponement of Home Rule. That other measures of reform may be introduced in or about the same time is reasonable enough; there must be some interval between the introduction of the Home Rule measure and its second reading—between its second reading and its going into Committee. The Irish constituencies are quite as eager for the system of "One Man One Vote" and for an improved method of registration as any English constituencies can possibly be. But Home Rule is the breath of the nostrils of every sincere Irish Nationalist. On that question there could be no possible compromise. Happily, no compromise is in the slightest degree likely to be asked of the Irish Nationalist Party by any leading statesman of England.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

II.—THE LIBERAL UNIONISTS.

THE most interesting feature presented by the recent General Election, apart from its aggregate result, is that connected with the fortunes of the reduced section of members who still follow the lead of the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain. There were many who believed that this section would disappear on this occasion. That has not been the case. Their party has made incredible exertions to avoid extinction. They return with greatly diminished numbers, but still a distinct body of 45, as compared with their original force of 103 who refused to support the Home Rule Bill in the Parliament of 1885, and of 80 who survived the General Election of 1886. With the exception, however, of the group which hails from Birmingham and its surrounding district, they owe their return almost exclusively to Tory votes; and a consideration of their case will, it is believed, confirm the view of all political observers and writers, that under our system of Parliamentary Government there is permanent place for two parties only, and that a third party, though it may spring into existence, owing to exceptional causes, and may appear to have some independent vitality, must gradually yield to the attractive forces of one or other of the main parties, and be eventually absorbed.

There have been three other great secessions of sections from the main bodies of their political friends during the present century, at distances of time as nearly as possible of twenty years from one another; that of the older Whigs under Lord Stanley, the Duke of Richmond, and Sir James Graham in 1835, who left the Government of Lord Melbourne on the Irish Church Question; that of the Peelites, under Sir Robert Peel, who after carrying Free Trade in 1846 were cast off by the main body of Tories led by Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli; and that of Mr. Lowe and those known as the Adullamites, who, in 1866, defeated Lord Russell's Reform Bill and brought in a Tory Government.

The effect of the defection of Lord Stanley and his Whig friends was seen in the General Election of 1835, when the majority of the Liberal Party, which in the first reformed Parliament had been 388, was reduced to 33. Lord Stanley and his colleagues refused for a time to join the Tories; they declined to aid Sir Robert Peel in forming a Government in 1835; but later the attraction of the Tories was too much for them. The hot-headed Radical of 1831 became the leader of the Tories, and, as such, was three times Prime Minister, while his followers were gathered into the bosom of the Tory Party.

The separation of the Peelites from the Tory Party was of a different character. When Sir Robert Peel proposed his measure for Free Trade, he was opposed on the second reading by two-thirds of his party, 240 in number; on the first occasion after the passing of the Act, 80 of these members, under Lord George Bentinck and Mr. Disraeli combined with the Liberal Party in turning out the Government on an Irish Coercion Bill. After their defeat the main body of Tories abandoned the leadership of Sir Robert Peel. The Peelites, about 80 in number, retained a separate organisation, and supported the Whig Government of Lord Russell. They lost in numbers in the General Election of 1847, but they were the means of keeping the Whigs in power till 1852, when a Coalition Government was formed, and in the General Election of the same year the distinction between them and the Whigs disappeared; and thenceforward the leading Peelites, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Cardwell, and Mr. Sidney Herbert and others, were reckoned as leaders of the Liberal Party.

Most of us recollect the third of these secessions, that of the Adullamites in 1866. They found themselves betrayed by the Tory Party, who in deference to a popular agitation brought in a Reform Bill on a wider basis than that of Lord Russell, but hedged in by many

restrictions intended to neutralise its democratic tendencies; the Liberals under Mr. Gladstone were allowed to knock away all these securities and restrictions until the measure became one for establishing the franchise on household suffrage pure and simple, and the Secessionists found that they had been the unwilling agents in the carrying of a wider measure of enfranchisement than that which had so much frightened them in the previous year. They came back to the Liberal Party with their tails between their legs; they were received with forgiveness, and were even admitted to office and honours, when Mr. Gladstone returned to power in 1869. Not a few of them, such as the Grosvenors, have lived to forget the lesson and to repeat their defection twenty years later.

The secession from the Liberal Party on the Home Rule policy in 1886 was even more formidable in numbers and influence than in any of these previous cases. It is not to be wondered at if it should take long to absorb them. When the Home Rule Bill was introduced, more than a third of the Liberal Party, 133 in number, found themselves unable to support it. Thirty of these, after much wavering and many searchings of heart, decided to vote for the second reading upon the understanding that the Irish representatives should be retained in the Imperial Parliament. Of the remainder, 93 voted against the Bill and 10 abstained from voting.

Of these 103 dissentients 30 either did not offer themselves for re-election or were defeated in the General Election which occurred in July, 1886. The remaining 73 were returned again to Parliament. The leaders of the Dissentient Party had organised themselves into a distinct political party. They worked in complete concert with the Tory leaders. Under this arrangement no fewer than 70 new Dissentient candidates, over and above the 100 old members who sought re-election, were put forward by this section. The experience of the General Election of 1886 was that these new Dissentient Liberal candidates were very ill-received by the constituencies. Out of the 70 only 5 were elected, and 65 were rejected. A careful analysis made after the General Election showed that the Dissentient Liberals who had been in the previous Parliament and had voted against the Home Rule measure received not only the full support of the Tory electors of their several constituencies, but were also able to retain the support of about 20 per cent. of the Liberal electors who had voted for them in the General Election of 1885, and by this combination many of them were again returned as members. On the other hand, the new candidates of

this section in other constituencies did not secure the support of more than 2 per cent. of the Liberal electors, and in these cases about 12 per cent. of the Liberal voters abstained from going to the poll.

The result of the General Election was that, on an aggregate poll of about 2,700,000 for the United Kingdom, there was a majority of votes given for Tory and Dissentient candidates of not more than 70,000. The uncontested seats, which in that election were very numerous, were held in nearly the same proportion, 100 by Tories and Dissentients, 103 by Liberals and Nationalists. In the contested seats the figures shewed, in comparison with the General Election of 1885, that 50,000 Liberal electors transferred their votes to Tory or Dissentient candidates, and that 200,000 Liberals abstained from voting, as compared with the election of 1885. As often happens, the result of the general election was to give to the majority a representation greatly beyond its due on basis of numbers. On the principle of proportionate representation, there should have been a majority in the Parliament of 1886 against Home Rule of not more than 10, representing the 70,000 voters who formed the aggregate majority. The actual majority in favour of the Tories and Dissentients combined was 118. This was drawn wholly from England. In Ireland the Nationalists secured 86 out of the 100 members. In Scotland the Liberal party secured three-fifths of the representation; in Wales all but 4 out of the 30 members. It was from England that the enormous majority against Home Rule was obtained, sufficient to overrule the majorities of Ireland, Scotland and Wales—a majority vastly in excess of the proportion due to the excess of voters for the successful party. There cannot be a doubt that this was due to the transfer in large numbers of constituencies, where the two parties nearly balanced one another in 1885, of the Dissentient Liberal votes from the Liberals to their opponents. Whatever the cause, it is certain that the present Government has had the advantage during the six years of the late Parliament of a majority greatly in excess of the proportion due to the aggregate number of voters supporting it in the polling booths, and by means of this great excess of voting power have been able to carry their Coercion Act and other contentious measures, and to repel all attacks upon their administration of Ireland.

The General Election of 1886 was followed by a close alliance between the two very distinct sections of the Dissentient Liberals—the one of the more advanced Liberals, led by Mr. Chamberlain, who had gone a long way towards Home Rule, who had consented to enter a

Government formed for the purpose of framing a measure for it, and who had separated from Mr. Gladstone on the specific nature of his proposals rather than on the principle of Home Rule; and the less advanced Liberals, led by Lord Hartington, who had objected *in limine* to Home Rule, who had been opposed even to Mr. Chamberlain's proposal of a National Council for Ireland, and who were filled with profound distrust, if not hatred, of the Irish people. They now combined together on terms of a common policy as regards Ireland.

Although the details of their agreement were kept secret, their plan of campaign against the main body of the Liberals was fully explained in a manifesto which appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, in September, 1886, and which was universally attributed to the more Radical of the two Chiefs. It is most interesting to compare this pronouncement with what has subsequently occurred.

"Mr. Gladstone (it was said) having declared his resolve to continue the struggle for Irish autonomy till his efforts are crowned with victory, the Liberal Unionists felt themselves compelled to take up a new position, and at a meeting at Devonshire House immediately before the session they resolved no longer to content themselves with a policy of passive resistance to Mr. Gladstone's policy, but determined to go a step further and assert their adherence to Liberal traditions and principles by taking up their seats on the Front Opposition Bench, while lending to the Conservative party the assistance of their counsel and support. The Liberal Unionists thus broke finally with Mr. Gladstone and with his policy of Separation, and set themselves to dispute his claims to the allegiance of the Liberal members in the House of Commons. The real Parliamentary contest, therefore, is not now, as heretofore, between Liberals and Conservatives, but between Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain on the one hand and Mr. Gladstone on the other."

The authors of this policy had convinced themselves, we were told, that of the 1,300,000 electors who voted for Home Rule not more than 300,000 were really favourable to his Irish policy, the remainder voted for Mr. Gladstone's personality; his colleagues and followers in the House of Commons were represented

"as mere worshippers at the shrine of self-interest, who, when they find that there can be no union until Mr. Gladstone resigns the leadership, will quickly go over to Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain, in order to regain their seats on the Treasury Bench."

"Mr. Gladstone (it was added) is an old man, who must shortly pay the debt he owes to mortality, and when this event happens nothing will remain for his lieutenants but to make tardy peace with the two leaders."

It was pointed out that three out of four of the Liberal Unionist members were dependent for their seats upon Tory support.

"We may be sure that they will do nothing save on compulsion to bring about a change of Ministry and a dissolution of the present Parliament. They are young, and the great protagonist is old, and Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain and their followers are prepared to go any length in order to preserve the Union. They are masters of the position, just as Mr. Parnell and the Irish members were in the last Parliament. . . . The Conservative leaders are not fools, and they know full well that they are dependent upon the Liberal Unionists for the maintenance of their parties. Lord Salisbury takes his cue from Lord Hartington, just as Lord Randolph Churchill takes his from Mr. Chamberlain."

The Government policy for Ireland was put to the credit of the Liberal Unionist leaders, who held the balance of power and were utilising their position to Liberalise the Conservative councils, while "keeping the cage-door open where the man of blood is watching the still more dangerous man of words."

It need not be pointed out how thoroughly the Dissentient Liberals led by these two statesmen have attempted to carry out the policy thus cynically proclaimed, how they have failed to detach the Liberal Party from Mr. Gladstone, and how in spite of the undue prolongation of Parliament they have been disappointed by the survival of the Liberal chief in physical and intellectual vigour which is the wonder of the world.

It is not proposed to pass in review the policy of the six years of a Government thus supported in office by the Dissentients sitting on the opposite side of the House. During these long years the Dissentients have voted with the Government on every possible occasion. There have been over nineteen hundred divisions in the course of the seven sessions of Parliament, in nearly all of which the Tory whips have been on one side, and Liberals on the other. These divisions range over every conceivable subject of interest to the Liberals, affecting the details of administration of the Government, opposition to some of their measures, amendments to them in detail in a Liberal direction, and proposals for Liberal reforms on which party issues were not materially raised, and where it might have been expected these Dissentients would have been glad to show that they retained some Liberal proclivities. Yet with the rarest exceptions, not averaging more than three or four divisions out of nineteen hundred, the Dissentients have never been found voting with the Liberal Party. They have always voted with the Government, no matter how glaring the case or how innocent the Liberal proposal.

The law of attraction to one or other of the political parties has been too strong for them. No wonder, then, that Liberals have come to see in them the most dangerous enemies that exist to their cause, and to regard them as so many mere decoy ducks to the Tory Party.

Meanwhile it is interesting to observe what happened to this band of Dissentients. Of the 80 who survived the General Election of 1886, 8 were converted to the principle of Home Rule, and returned to the Liberal fold, namely :—

Sir H. Hussey Vivian.	Mr. Winterbotham.
Mr. Talbot.	Mr. Caine.
Mr. Buchanan.	Mr. Hingley.
Sir Thomas Grove.	Mr. Caldwell.

Eight died during the six years of the Parliament, viz. :—

Mr. John Bright.	Mr. Peter Rylands.
Lord E. Cavendish.	Hon. C. Fitzwilliam.
Mr. Verdin.	Mr. Richardson.
Mr. Craig-Sellar.	Mr. Campbell.

Three became peers—Lord Hartington, Lord Lymington, and Sir John St. Aubyn. One, Mr. Goschen, joined the Tory Government. One was expelled from the House of Commons. Of the seats thus vacated only 4 were filled again by Dissentients; the others were successfully contested by Liberals. One new Dissentient only gained admission to Parliament elsewhere at a by-election, viz., Hon. W. Fitzwilliam. There remained, therefore, at the close of the long Parliament of 1886 only 63 members of this section, as compared with 80 at the commencement.

Of this reduced band 8 did not seek re-election and retired from Parliamentary life. Of the remaining 55, 6 have been returned without opposition, namely :—

The Speaker.	Sir E. Watkin.
Mr. Charles Villiers.	Mr. Bolitho.
Sir John Lubbock.	Mr. Dixon.

Nineteen, or rather over one-third of the total number, have been defeated in their contests, and have been replaced by Liberals. They include in their numbers Mr. Finlay, Mr. R. Chamberlain, Sir H. Havelock-Allan, Mr. Heneage, the two Elliots, Sir T. Sutherland, Lord Baring, Mr. Morrison, Mr. Gurdon, and others. Thirty have been re-elected after contests in which, with the exception of the Birmingham group, their majorities have been greatly reduced.

More striking, however, has been the fate of the new candidates put forward by the Dissentient Liberal party. They have been specially active in this direction. It is understood that very large funds were subscribed by the wealthy men of the party, and no fewer than eighty-four new candidates were induced to come forward for different constituencies represented by Liberals. Looking down the list of these men, it would appear that almost every available man in the party must have been pressed into the service. It must be admitted that the list was a very good one, containing about 20 former members of Parliament, many baronets and knights, not a few sons of peers, and other men of distinction. These men were not more successful than their predecessors in 1886. Of the 84 only 9 have been returned as members, namely :—

Colonel Seely (Nottingham).
Mr. Cross (Glasgow).
Mr. Arnold Forster (Belfast).
*Mr. Martin (Droitwich).
*Sir H. M. Thompson (Handsworth).
Sir John Pender (Wick).
*Mr. Maxwell (Dumfries).
*Mr. Cochrane (Ayrshire).
Major Darwin (Lichfield).

Four of these have been in substitution for previous Dissentient members who had retired. Mr. Cross only succeeded in Glasgow owing to a split in the Liberal Party; the aggregate votes for the two Liberal candidates greatly exceeded those given for him. Colonel Seely defeated Mr. Broadhurst by promising to vote for eight hours for miners when his opponent had alienated a large body of his supporters by declining to do so. Sir John Pender was returned for Wick by a majority of 27, after profuse expenditure. All of them owe their seats, with one or two exceptions, exclusively to Tory votes. It appears certain that the Dissentient Liberals have not proved to be acceptable candidates to the local Tory party. It is alleged that they fail to arouse enthusiasm among the Tory rank-and-file, and that the number of Dissentients among the electors, apart from a few leaders, is so insignificant that they do not make up for defections from the Tory ranks. It would seem, then, that after this second experiment of sending cartloads of Dissentient candidates all over the country there will not be a repetition of the process, and that the Tories will allow the existing Dissentient members gradually to die out, and will replace them in the future by men more acceptable to their own party.

The total force, then, of this section in the new Parliament will be 45, as compared with the original number of 103 who failed to support the

Home Rule Bill of 1886, 80 who succeeded in being returned to the Parliament of 1886, and 63 who survived at the close of that Parliament.

How far, then, do these 45 Dissentient Liberals represent any distinctive body of opinion in the country other than that of Tories? It is more difficult to form an opinion on this point than it was after the General Election of 1886. The best way of arriving at a conclusion on this point is to compare the recent results of the polls in the various constituencies with those in the Election of 1885. The Election of 1886 was lost to the Liberal Party mainly owing to the abstentions of voters. In the recent contests the electors have come up to the poll in nearly the same proportion as in 1885. Omitting the group of Birmingham Boroughs, where there is undoubtedly a very strong Dissentient Radical element, due in part to the great personality of Mr. Chamberlain, but yet more, it is believed, to the influence of the *Birmingham Daily Post* and to the absence of any local organ of the Liberal Party, it appears that in 129 Boroughs in England, Scotland, and Wales, where the results of 1885 and 1892 can be compared, and where the comparison is not vitiated by splits or by unopposed returns, there was an aggregate increase of Liberal voters of 31,760 and an aggregate increase of Tory voters of 48,500. The difference between these numbers is only 17,200. As compared, then, with 1885 there cannot have been a greater transfer of Liberal votes to the Tory candidates than 8,600.

Dealing in the same way with the County constituencies, it appears that in 339 County divisions in England, Scotland and Wales, the Tories received an aggregate of 95,931 votes more than in 1885, and the Liberals 51,588 less than in that year; a difference, therefore, of 147,500. The possible transfer of Liberal votes to the Tory or Dissentient candidates cannot be more than 73,700—making, with the 8,600 for the Boroughs, a total of 82,300. From this, however, considerable deductions have to be made. In many places, such as Newcastle, Shipley, and others, the reduction of the Liberal majority, as compared with 1885, has been due to the Labour question rather than to Home Rule.

The conclusion that may be drawn from these and other figures is that outside Birmingham the number of Dissentient Liberals in the constituencies is extremely small, and probably does not exceed 40,000 to 50,000; that a large part of this number is due to the personal influence of particular men, such as Baron Rothschild in Buckinghamshire, Mr. Jasper More in Salop, Mr. Quilter in Suffolk, and Mr.

Courtney in Cornwall, and others. One Dissentient Liberal only, Sir Henry James, has been returned in the whole of Lancashire and Yorkshire and the English counties further to the north; only one such member has been elected in London and the Home Counties, from the Isle of Thanet to Dorsetshire; and not a single Dissentient has been returned by Wales. Those who survive consist of the 15 from Birmingham and its adjoining counties, 6 from the extreme western counties, 8 from Scotland, and here and there elsewhere an individual case.

A comparison of the General Elections of 1886 and 1892 shows the following contrast. In 1886 the Tories and Dissentients, with an aggregate majority of only 70,000 in the electorate of the United Kingdom, obtained a majority of 118 in the House of Commons. In 1892 the Liberals and Nationalists, with an aggregate majority, as estimated by the *Times*, of 206,000, or nearly three times that of the Tories in the previous election, have obtained a majority of only 42 members. The cause of this striking difference is probably to be found in this: a comparatively small body of Dissentient Liberals, by transferring their votes in 1886 to the opposite side, or by abstaining from voting, in a large number of constituencies where the two parties were very evenly divided, were able to produce an effect wholly out of proportion to their numbers. In 1892 a large proportion of these returned to their pristine faith, sufficient to secure a victory to the Liberal cause, but the remaining Dissentients were still of sufficient force to defeat Liberal candidates in a certain number of constituencies, and to prevent that accentuation of the majority which generally occurs to the victors in a General Election, and which is not without value in giving strength and stability to the verdict of the country.

This may be illustrated by the following figures:—

1. Fifty-two constituencies returned Liberals in 1885, Tories or Dissentients in 1886, and Liberals again in 1892, with the following aggregate polls:—

	Liberal Votes.	Tory Votes.
1885.	224,810	181,240
1886.	181,320	207,670
1892.	241,880	226,155

2. Thirty constituencies returned Tories in 1885 and Liberals in 1892.

	Liberal Votes.	Tory Votes.
1885.	103,100	112,810
1886.	97,200	109,950
1892.	122,100	112,760

3. Sixty-six constituencies returned Liberals in 1885 and Tories or Dissentients in 1886 and 1892.

	Liberal Votes.	Tory Votes.
1885.	243,650	210,760
1886.	186,430	232,280
1892.	232,280	260,580

It is obvious from these figures how small a transfer of votes in 1886 as compared with 1885 caused the great victory of the Tories, and also that the re-transfer of 15,000 more votes in 1892 in the constituencies of the third class would have caused a further gain of 80 seats to the Liberals, counting 160 on a division, and bringing up their majority to that of 1885.

What, then, will be the course of the remnant of Dissentients in the coming Parliament? On which side of the House of Commons will they sit in the almost certain event of a change of Government? What will be their action in respect of the divisions of a party character which must almost daily occur? One can understand the position of these members in the last Parliament, though one may not sympathise with it. They had determined to support the Government, *coûte que coûte*, whether right or wrong, and to prevent as far as possible anything occurring which might weaken its power. For this purpose they voted steadily in hundreds of divisions contrary to the expectations they had held out to their constituents. From a Parliamentary point of view there was some excuse for this, as a Government continually harassed by defeats on by-issues and minor matters would be so weakened at last that it would necessarily fall. The position, however, will be much altered when a Liberal Government is returned to power. Are these members to be parties to the constant harassing attacks upon it by the Opposition? Are they to follow the Tory Whips in all the petty devices which an Opposition will resort to in order to secure temporary advantages? Are they to vote against measures they believe to be right, or in favour of amendments intended to defeat or delay measures from a party point of view? If they adopt this course, how will they reconcile it with any continued pretence to be Liberals? If not, how will they justify their abstention from party votes to those who have returned them, namely, the Tories in their several constituencies? It may be that the new position will bring into prominence the differences between the two sections of the Dissentients, namely, the Birmingham group and the Whig section. Of the Birmingham group, it will be admitted that they

have still a large support from the Radicals in that district; they have been returned to Parliament by majorities consisting in about equal proportions of Tories and Radicals. They may be assumed to have at heart the promotion of Radical measures of reform other than Home Rule. The Whig section, with rare exceptions, have been returned almost exclusively by Tory votes, with the addition of the smallest possible percentage of Liberals.

It is difficult to believe that the former can assist the Tories in rejecting Radical measures or in harassing a Government which is promoting them. One would suppose that their opposition will be confined to Home Rule, and that on other questions and in all ordinary divisions, except, perhaps, direct votes of confidence, they will be found in the Liberal Lobby. It has been stated that Mr. Chamberlain will claim a seat on the bench immediately behind the new Government. It is, however, certain that no seat will be conceded to him if his intention be to use his position, as he did in the last Parliament, to damage the Liberals, to promote dissension, and to speak with all the advantage which arises from attacking those among whom he is sitting. It is difficult to believe that the Whig section will follow his example. They have ceased to be Liberals in any true sense of the term. They owe their seats to the Tories. They cannot refrain from following the Tory Whips in every party division without causing the gravest dissatisfaction among those who elected them. It seems probable, then, that the logic of events will cause disintegration among what remains of the Dissentients; that the Whig section will be merged completely in the Tory ranks, and that the Birmingham group will hold an independent position, with a view to any combination which their leader may entertain in the future.

In any case, when the country after six long years of discussion and agitation has pronounced by a majority in favour of Home Rule for Ireland, it appears impossible that the policy should be much longer resisted. The principle must be conceded, though the method of granting it may be still open to much question and dispute. Looking back at political experience it may be safely predicted that, if the Tory Party in Opposition should succeed in preventing the Liberals from carrying it out, they will do so only upon the condition that they will have to grant it themselves in some other form. Those who survive of the Dissentients will eventually share the fate of the Adullamites of 1866, and will have the satisfaction of knowing that they have succeeded in putting back the

political clock for six or eight years only for the purpose of securing office to the Tories for a term of years, and the ultimate honour of framing the details of the measure which will prove to be the final adjustment of the relations of the two countries, by securing to Ireland the widest measure of Home Rule which is compatible with the unity of the Empire.

G. SHAW-LEFEVRE.

III.—THE LABOUR PARTY.

A NEW experiment is about to be witnessed in British politics. Not that an independent political party is a new thing; there have been such before, and wonderfully successful they have been Parliament, too, after eighteen years' experience, has grown quite accustomed to the Labour member, and honourable gentlemen are no longer horrified at the prospect of having to rub shoulders with the fustian-jacketed ex-miner or the smock-frocked agricultural labourer. On both sides of the House, however, there still exists a good deal of scepticism about the existence of a Labour Party owing allegiance to neither Whig nor Tory, and determined at all hazards to compel attention to the condition of the people, and to propound remedies founded on doctrines which run counter to every orthodox canon of accepted Political Economy. For the programme of the New Labour party is distinctly economic, and therein consists the difference between it and all that has gone before. "We are all Socialists now," said the rollicking Sir William Harcourt on a recent occasion, and now the Socialistic Labour Party has come to put this profession to the test. Concerning the *bona fides* of the new party in the country there cannot be any doubt after the experience of the General Election just concluded. Three years ago the most prominent representative of the old school of Labour members was Henry Broadhurst. A man of undoubted ability and of much zeal for his party, he commanded the support and earned the laudations of his political chiefs, Mr. Gladstone himself singling him out for special honour and bestowing commendation on him with no stinted measure. Yet the miners of West Nottingham, who were in general agreement with his political opinions, supplanted him with an opponent who was only in sympathy with them on one

point, the State regulation of the hours of labour. In the Ince division of Lancashire, Mr. Sam Woods, an eight-hour Labour candidate, won by a handsome majority a seat which was believed by the party managers to be hopelessly Tory. In West Bradford, Mr. Ben Tillett, standing in opposition to a Liberal and a Tory, polled 2,700 votes, drawn in almost equal proportions from the ranks of both parties. In Newcastle, 1,500 working men, of Radical political opinions, transferred their votes to the Tory side, because the Liberal candidates, one of whom was Mr. John Morley, refused to recognise the principle of State regulation of industry. In divers other places a Labour vote, ranging from 19 to 900, has been cast for Labour candidates, foretelling the advent of the time when the Labour vote, as an independent factor, will hold the balance of power between the contending forces of the two historic parties of to-day.

The Labour Party (I prefer the simple phrase "Labour Party" without any qualifying or specifying adjective) may be reckoned to be in existence, though lacking in cohesion and concentration. What are the causes which have produced it, and what differentiates it from other parties?

What is known as the Manchester School of Politics has been the dominating influence in Liberalism for well-nigh half a century. Free-trade and Free Labour have been its watchwords. As an ideal it is all that could be desired; but before it can be realised there are certain conditions which must be fulfilled. Concerning Free-trade I have no adverse criticism to offer. The experience of the industrial nations of the world is demonstrating beyond the possibility of a doubt that to the working classes it matters nothing whether trade be Free or Fair. In well-protected Germany there have been unemployed riots in Berlin, just as there were in the Trafalgar-square of Free-trade England; while in America, the modern home of Protection *par excellence*, the iron workers of Homestead Mills, Pittsburg, prefer facing the unlicensed rifles of the Pinkerton horde of capitalistic bullies to the living death of poverty which follows in the wake of low wages. What is euphoniously termed Protection of Industry in reality means protection of Rent and Interest, while Free-trade as surely means the destruction of the individualistic capitalist system of production, since unfettered competition leads to the mutual destruction of those engaged in besting each other in the world's markets. Free-trade has opened wide the doors of the world's markets to the products of British industry; it has swollen enormously the

profits of the privileged classes of the community; it has cheapened the necessaries of life, but it has not improved the relative position of the worker. As a matter of fact, the worker to-day gets a much smaller proportionate share of the wealth produced by his labour than did his forbear of three generations ago. The accumulation of capital has been such that, though the rate of interest is lower, the actual sum paid yearly on money invested is more than quadruple what it was at the beginning of the century, and the sum is ever growing. Year by year the returns to Labour continue to dwindle, while the returns to Capital—whether in the form of land or stock—grow ever more and more. These things are true of Free-trade Britain, and they are also true of protected lands, the difference being that here the first step has been taken towards the break-up of a system which breeds evil only, while in other lands the workers are still trusting to the rotten reed of Protection to shield them from the inevitable results of the capitalistic system of production. It is not likely, therefore, that the Labour Party will take sides with those who see in Protection a panacea for our industrial ills. But when we turn to Free Labour we are met with a different set of facts, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say with the same set of facts seen from a different point of view. Free Labour is the old policy of *laissez faire*. The State, in the expressive language of Lord Derby, should do no more than keep the ring clear while Capital and Labour are settling their little differences. Given two combatants equally matched, and this is the essence of fairness, but Capital and Labour to-day are not equally matched. It pleases those who are in possession of land and the means of production to assume that they are, but the assumption is false and will not bear examination.

According to the monthly statement published by the Labour Department of the Board of Trade the number of members of Trade Unions in receipt of out of work pay is 5·15 per cent. Assuming—and the assumption is unfortunately no vain one—that the same proportion holds true of all classes of workmen, whether organised or not, we get 650,000 as the minimum number of men out of work. One half of these will be men with wives and the average number of children dependent upon them, making a grand total of 1,950,000 people who are at this moment without visible means of earning a living; and the numbers are growing at an alarming rate, having increased from 2·7 per cent. in February, 1891, to the 5·15 per cent. at which they stand to-day. Will anyone seriously contend that these men are equally matched with their

employers? Free Labour for them means freedom to die of starvation, that and nothing more. For them Liberalism, we are told, has spoken its last word. But even those fortunate enough to be in work are not in any sense free. Not only have they to contend with their employers, but they have also the army of the unemployed hanging on their flank and prepared at any moment to join forces with the employers in ousting the discontented workman from his position. This one fact alone is sufficient to account for the craven way in which bodies of intelligent workmen submit to conditions of employment the most degrading and demoralising. The man out of work is under the lawless dominion of hunger, and the man in work is controlled by the enemy from his own camp, who stands outside the factory or workshop gate. Free Labour is a dream of the economist and the politician. It has no existence in the reality of every-day life. It means long hours, low wages, drunkenness, improvidence, squalor, and degradation.

Were the workman free to accept or refuse the conditions of employment offered without the alternative of starvation for himself and his dependents staring him in the face, he might then safely be left to fight his own battle. Were the wealthy classes not securely entrenched behind their money-bags and broad acres—secured to them by law—the worker could hold his own, and come out more than conqueror. But until the labourer and his labour enjoy the same protection as that enjoyed by the capitalist and his capital to-day, the two parties cannot meet on equal terms. The worker, then, demands Protection not for trade and commerce, but for his strength and skill; not against the products of more favoured lands, but against the protected privilege of the monopolist, and against the fruits of a system for which the workman is not responsible, but which works the direst havoc for him and his kin.

It is at this point where Liberalism fails utterly to meet the requirements of the people, and it is at this point also where the work of the Labour Party begins. With the political creed of Liberalism I have no quarrel. The more advanced it becomes the better will it please me. Home Rule is but a development of our system of government, and a return to the good old days when the people and the Government were so inter-dependent as to be practically inseparable. Home Rule is, with the Labour Party, a matter of principle, and not a bastard concession to meet the convenience of one of the divisions of the kingdom. Federal Home Rule, with its National Parliaments for England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and its Imperial Parliament for Imperial affairs, is

the goal. One man one vote is good, but a vote for every man and for every woman is better. A mended House of Lords would doubtless be good, but an ended House of Lords would be better. The mummery and tinsel show of a Royal Court have their uses for an imaginative or barbaric people fond of display and unversed in the art of self-government, but for a free and somewhat prosaic democracy they are meaningless. Payment of Labour members of the House of Commons would be a degradation to Labour, and as such should be strenuously resisted. Either pay every member a modest sum, or withhold payment from all. And so we might have the whole compass of political reform without finding ourselves in any serious disagreement with the Radical party as represented, say, by Henry Labouchere; but were every political reform which the brain of the most rabid reformer ever conceived transformed into law, the position of the worker would remain exactly what it was before if his economic surroundings remained unchanged. One man one vote does not find work for the unemployed; payment of members does not lessen the hours of the slave of the tramway footboard working fourteen hours a day, nor increase the wages of the sempstress making shirts in her garret at 6½d. a dozen, or of the poor widow who makes match boxes (supplying her own paste) for 2¼d. a gross. And yet these problems of hours and wages must be met and dealt with. London, with its 80,000 known prostitutes, its 43,000 children going to school without food, its 100,000 persons earning a precarious income of less than 20s. a week, its over-crowding, its squalid misery, its seething discontent (and London is but an enlarged edition of every industrial centre), is a grisly fact in our social system which we cannot for ever go on ignoring. If we do——!

Most men, no matter what their politics, would gladly do something to mitigate the misery and suffering by which they are surrounded. They will give largely to charities, churches, missions, hospitals, and the like, but they must not be asked to outstep the limits of orthodox Political Economy. No Churchman ever defended his Thirty-nine Articles more zealously than these men do the tenets of their economic faith. For the most part, the present system has served them well, and why should it be altered or amended? If its tenets have not been inscribed on tablets of stone by the finger of the Unseen, they are writ large on the superscription of their golden guineas. True, some of the facts would seem to be against the perfection of the system, but hen so much the worse for the facts; and doubtless there is some

perfectly good explanation, consistent with their creed, of these facts if only it could be discovered.

It is here then, I repeat, where the work of the Labour Party begins. We welcome every perfection of the State machine because thereby its potentialities are increased, and we want the best machine possible for the performance of the work on hand, and that work is not political.

For three weeks during the present summer I spent a portion of each day, morning, noon, or night, at the dock gates in the East End of London. I talked with the men, went with them to their homes, and got to know something of their inner lives. Probably as a consequence (I confess to being emotional), the unemployed man has bulked largely in my dreams, sleeping and waking, ever since. What is to be done with him and for him? Is he to be allowed to slide ever deeper into the slough of despond till he finally disappears to rise no more? Even then we shall find that two are struggling for the standing-room on the stones of the street which he formerly occupied. Cannot something be done for him? John Morley wrings his hands pathetically and feels a genuine sympathy, but he sees no way of escape; Joseph Arch and George Howell, Labour members of the Parliament of 1885-86, could think of nothing better than to hold the Queen's Jubilee a year earlier than the real date, as if we could go on holding Queen's Jubilees every year. The trade unionists of the old school have nothing better to offer than for those who remain in work to subscribe part of their earnings for the benefit of those who are out: very good so far as it goes, but it can't go on for ever, and is not a solution of the problem. Lord Salisbury and Mr. James Lowther have a hankering after Protection, which would probably in the end displace ten men for each one it employed. The Church preaches patience, and the teetotaler temperance, but still the evil remains. Surely something might be done, or at least attempted.

In the ranks of the unskilled, where the competition is keenest, a big proportion are men who in their youth have been connected with land cultivation, but who have been driven off either to make room for cattle, or by the harsh and unsympathetic conditions attached to their employment. To state the case in this way is to suggest the remedy. Make the conditions of life such in our agricultural districts that not only will they tempt men to remain at home, but they will entice many a tired and weary city worker away from the turmoil and strife of the great industrial centres into the quiet and peace of God's beautiful country.

It is no use saying this cannot be done. It must be done. The land is there, the men are here, and surely the means can be found for bringing them together.

It may be, as is so frequently stated, that the land now lying idle could not be put under cultivation at a profit, which means that it could not be made to pay rent. This, however, is a begging of the question. I am not concerned to know whether the land can pay rent, but whether it can be turned to profitable account in providing food for the unemployed. An attempt is being made in one of the most beautiful straths of Westmoreland to put the matter to the test. The Rev. Herbert V. Mills has acquired a farm there, and is busy at work demonstrating that the unemployed can be permanently and profitably employed in producing necessary articles of food, which we are under the necessity at present of importing largely from abroad. In the colony which he is founding the inhabitants will produce all that is necessary for their own maintenance, but no manufactured goods for sale. This meets the objection so forcibly raised against municipal workshops, the products of which would be placed on the market to the displacement of goods manufactured in the usual way. Why should not a series of such colonies, under proper supervision, be established all over the country? If British credit can be pledged to the extent of £33,000,000 for the relief of Irish landlords, surely the few millions necessary for the setting up of such harbours of refuge might also be found for the relief of our starving poor.

The shortening of the hours of labour is the foremost demand on the Labour programme at present. As evidence accumulates it goes to prove that a legal eight-hour day contains none of the dangers which were supposed to lurk in it unseen. Firms of the most varied occupation, from coal mining to pickle making, and from chemical works to engineering and lace weaving, have given the eight-hour system a trial, and the unanimous testimony is that it pays. The men perform their work better, and do quite as much in eight hours as was formerly done in nine or nine and a-half hours. Both profits and wages have been maintained, and, so far as can be ascertained, no one suffers, whilst a good many benefit from the change. The chief objection now urged against the proposal is that it is an interference with the liberty of the subject. Every law, however, is an interference with the liberty of the subject, and if we are to be squeamish on this point all the Acts which have proved most beneficial to the

nation will require to be wiped off the statute book. The Factory Acts, the Mines Regulation Acts, the Truck Acts, and so on *ad lib.*, are all direct interferences with the liberty of the subject. The only question to be considered is, will such interference be beneficial and is there necessity for it? Everybody is agreed that in the abstract an eight-hour day is desirable, so that the principle is not in dispute. It is the means of attaining it to which objection is taken. That the workers desire an eight-hour day should require no argument to prove. Strikes for shorter hours have been frequent of late years, and in nearly every case the record is one of dismal failure. The elections just concluded bear eloquent testimony to the strength of the demand. Mr. Gladstone cavalierly refusing to see a deputation of the London Trades Council three weeks before the election, and Mr. Gladstone three days before the poll, with defeat staring him in the face, conceding point after point on the eight hours to the sturdy miners of Midlothian, point the moral more eloquently than any words of mine. It will be the work of a Labour Party to see that the voice of the working-class electorate on this point has due weight in the House of Commons. A reduction to eight in the hours of labour of those engaged in transport work or in tending machinery, or otherwise than in the actual production of goods, would, on the most reasonable calculation, find employment for 1,000,000 people in addition to those now in work, which would mean adding £65,000,000 a year to the wages bill of the country, every penny of which would be drawn from what now goes as rent and interest. I admit that there are difficulties in the way of carrying such a proposal into effect, but the duty of the statesman is to overcome such difficulties. In this connection I may add that, so far as I know the feelings of the workers, under no circumstances would a local option Eight-hour Bill be accepted. Trade exemption, that is, giving a majority of the members of a trade power to vote themselves out of the Act, might be permitted, but the other process is too tedious and difficult of application to be practicable.

The alien pauper is rapidly becoming a factor in our industrial system. Already his competition is keenly felt in many centres of industry; and what to do with him is a problem which will grow in intensity, as the conditions of labour in this country are improved. Under an eight-hour permissive Act, for example, the employers who desired long hours, as most of them do, might swamp the British workman with a horde of foreign aliens glad to find work on any

terms. To prohibit their landing on our shores, or even to subject them to a poll tax, is a somewhat dangerous precedent, and one which if followed by other nations might, as in the case of Fair Trade, rebound with tremendous effect on our own head. It might easily, however, be enacted that no foreigner should be employed in this country at less than the recognised Trade Union rate of wages or conditions of labour. To this no reasonable objection could be taken. It would protect the British worker and might be imitated with advantage by other lands. True, this would be a still further interference with the liberty of the subject, but life in a civilised community implies that the citizen shall by his own free will, or failing that by restraint, refrain from doing that which brings injury to his fellow-subjects. In the past this doctrine has not had much weight in this country, but with the advent to power of the Democracy changes of far-reaching importance may be expected as a natural outcome.

In these somewhat hastily-written lines—I speak for no one but myself—I have endeavoured to outline the policy which, in my opinion, will be pursued by the Labour Party. Time and experience will doubtless develop a decided course of action, but at the outset it will be largely a matter of groping the way. In the present House of Commons there are three men who have been elected as Labour members, not only because they are or have been workers, but because they accept the economic teaching of Socialism, and have pledged themselves to work independently of party for the attainment of their ends. Three members of the House of Commons are less than one-half per cent. of the whole. And yet I believe they can do much. There are many men in the House of clear intellect and broad sympathies who are not bound by the traditions of the past. These will follow an intelligent lead on the Labour and Social question. I should say that during the first Session an Eight-hour Bill for miners, with just concession enough to meet the case of Durham and Northumberland, should find a tolerably safe and certain passage. This would be the admission of the principle of State regulation of the hours of labour of adult males, and the rest would be comparatively easy. The wedge once entered would only require driving home. So, too, with work for the unemployed, and kindred questions. Men would gladly do something to remove this ulcer from our body politic, if only they knew what to do. On political questions the Labour vote and influence will be in the direction of widening the basis of our representa-

tive system; but the Labour members have not been returned to deal with political but with Labour questions. The barrenness of political strife disgusts our best men. People need to feel that politics are more than a game between the Ins and the Outs. Party strife, said Sir Arthur Phelps, is the strife of fools for the benefit of knaves. There is no reason why it should continue so. That which Parliament has done Parliament can undo. Parliament has made our present land system, with all its attendant evils, and Parliament must unmake it. The evenly-balanced condition of parties in this country proves that the average working class voter sets no store by political reform, which means nothing and ends in nothing. Hitherto the extension of the Franchise has been looked forward to by the worker with a sort of undefined hope that therein lay the remedy for the evils which oppressed him. Time has disabused his mind of that idea. The country will watch eagerly how the new experiment works. Some will watch with hope; some with fear. To the worker success means emancipation from a bondage cruel and debasing as that of the Pharaohs; to the rich idler it will foreshadow the time when his unjust monopoly of the good things of life will cease.

I have not formulated a programme. I have neither right nor authority so to do. The outline I have given, however, will discover the bent of my own inclinations. I desire the overthrow of our present hateful industrial system and the substitution of something more humane and human. The "cash nexus" is doing the work foretold of it by the Scottish seer, Thomas Carlyle. It is destructive of everything valuable in man, and develops the lowest and most contemptible instincts. The palliatives herein suggested, with others that might be named—such as provision for sickness, accident, death or old age, the necessary funds to be raised by a tax on incomes of £1,000 a year and upwards—are more than palliatives, they are necessary steps in the development of a juster social order. The regulation of the hours of Labour by the State is the admission of the principle that it is the duty of the State to protect the citizen's interests, not only as a citizen but as a worker. The establishment of Home Colonies on a communal basis for the unemployed would be an object lesson showing what could be done under an organised system of industry. We need to protect the worker from being further degraded by his conditions of employment; and we need also to educate him towards the time when land and the means of production shall be owned

and managed co-operatively. Industry requires protecting against the landlord and the usurer. Mineral royalties, and untaxed rent rolls, and watered stock hang round the neck of the British workman to-day, and threaten to drag him down to perdition. The party, Labour or other, which can rid the country of its industrial old men of the sea will have done more for it than those who fought its battles and built up its fame in days gone by. It is to this work that the Labour Party is specially called. May it prove worthy of the task!

J. KEIR HARDIE.

THE ORIGIN AND DIFFUSION OF CHOLERA.

THE citizens of European countries are naturally much exercised at the prospect of a new cholera invasion on a large scale. And not without reason, for the present epidemic, so far as the history of it is known, promises to be one of unusual prevalence and of exceeding gravity. Since the death of the late Mr. J. Netton Radcliffe, the public of this country have not been receiving from their health officials that full information regarding the progress of epidemic cholera in foreign countries which is essential to a correct judgment regarding the liability of any particular area to invasion; and in respect to Europe, Asia, and Africa the public have had to depend on the statements made in the daily Press, which may be correct or highly exaggerated.

It should be placed to the credit of the late Mr. Radcliffe that in all outbursts of cholera beyond the limits of its natural home in India, he conscientiously strove to record the facts in regard to its geographical distribution from year to year, and his public services in this particular were of the greatest value.

So far as can be gathered from the scattered and uncertain records of its progress, the epidemic which now threatens the whole of Europe, and possibly the whole world, appeared in March or April of the present year in the North-Western Provinces of India. It attacked with great violence the pilgrims at the great fair in Hurdwar, near the source of the Ganges, spread rapidly through Cashmere and Afghanistan, reached Persia in May or June, was particularly prevalent and fatal in and about Meshed, and, following trade routes, crossed the Caspian Sea, and spread with almost unexampled rapidity amongst the population of Asiatic Russia, from whence it is at the present moment making rapid progress in European Russia. From April until July, that is, in a period of three months, this cholera epidemic has travelled many hundreds of miles in a north-westerly

direction, and has covered, or overflowed, many thousands of square miles of territory.

The latest accounts seem to show that its progress up the valleys of the Volga and Don is steady and persistent. The great annual fair at Nijni Novgorod falls due to be held about the end of July, and the presence thereat of a large concourse of persons from all parts of Russia is almost certain to lead to a rapid and wide extension of the disease in areas hitherto unaffected.

The first record of epidemic cholera beyond India is to be found in books dealing with the history of cholera from 1817 to 1823. In the course of that great epidemic wave, cholera is proved to have travelled from India to Arabia, Persia, Syria, and Russia, and to have reached Astrakhan in September, 1823, where, however, it died out, and did not reappear in the succeeding spring.

The next great wave overflowing beyond the boundaries of India began in 1826, and travelled through Afghanistan and Persia much in the same manner as the present epidemic has progressed. In the autumn of 1829 it broke out in Teheran, and about the middle of July, 1831, had reached Astrakhan, from whence it spread along the shores of the Volga to Saratof and Kasan, precisely as it has done in July this year. It is worthy of notice that the 1829 epidemic was the first appearance of cholera in Europe within historic times, and that before the end of 1831 it had invaded the north-eastern ports of England and Scotland, and in the two following years destroyed vast numbers of the population of Great Britain and Ireland. It is important that the progress of the great epidemic of 1829-33 should be closely studied by those who would wish to understand the significance of the epidemic now threatening Europe.

The following account quoted by Dr. James Copland in his *Dictionary of Medicine*, and originally published in the *Quarterly Review* for November, 1831, is from a clergyman residing at Saratof. It might have been written by a newspaper correspondent of July, 1892:—

"Scarcely had we heard of the breaking out of cholera in Astrakhan, than the news came to us like lightning that it was coursing the Volga, and that it was severe and had already reached Zaretzin. On the evening of August 6th we heard that three persons had been seized with cholera who had left Astrakhan, and were carried to our hospital. On the 7th others were reported to have been carried off by this malady with such frightful rapidity as to have impressed all minds with deep consternation, especially those who dwelt in the second division of the town. The disease soon appeared in the third division,

and seized so many that the hospital could no longer contain the sick, and killed so rapidly that those attacked scarcely survived six hours.

"In the very commencement of the epidemic all our four surgeons were seized with it; two died on their journey to Zaretzin, and one here. From this moment fear and anguish took possession of the public mind. Those who could flee from the city fled, and as the malady was not considered contagious servants, labourers, Tartars, and Russians were permitted to rush into the country. My congregation, which consisted of 580 individuals, was reduced to 150. Up to August 30th 2,170 persons died."

In the present epidemic it must be remembered that cholera reached Saratof a full month earlier than it did in 1831, and as cholera in every country beyond its natural home invariably reaches its highest activity in the summer and autumn months, there is the probability of a wider diffusion of the pestilence in the autumn of 1892 than in 1831, and in the latter year it reached British soil in the month of November, recrudescing with great vigour in the two following years. Cholera history is very apt to repeat itself, and the circumstances which happened in 1831 are very likely to happen again in 1892 and succeeding years. Some populations, and even whole provinces, may be in a better sanitary state than they were sixty years ago, but the laws which govern cholera production remain unchanged, and in countries where sanitary police is in abeyance the cholera mortality may, and probably will, be most appalling. In Russia it is well known that the late famine has severely taxed the physical energies and powers of resistance of vast numbers of the population, and cholera can have no stronger allies than starvation and uncleanly habits. In 1831 we learn that three out of four of the medical officers of Saratof died at the commencement of the epidemic. In 1892 the people rise in anger and murder their doctors! On the whole the account of the 1831 epidemic is pleasanter reading, as reflecting on the education and intelligence of the people, than the newspaper records of the 1892 outbreak.

It is not within the scope of the present notice to dwell at any length on the nature of epidemic cholera or of its medical or sanitary treatment, but to draw attention to the great fact that the route taken by the present epidemic is almost identical with that of the great epidemic which invaded Europe in 1831, that it has, so far, been more rapid in its progress, due, it may be, to improved facilities of transit, by steam and sail, and that if any deduction can be drawn from the past history of cholera progress, it is almost a certainty that the weak spots in the sanitary armour of every country, town, and province will be put to a severe test during the next two years. An early winter may restrict the

progress of the epidemic, and it is sincerely to be hoped that this may occur, but an epidemic of the present strength is sure to be revitalised in the spring and summer and to advance over new ground, and this is the special danger to European populations, against which it is only right they should be warned. In many places there may yet be time to put the house in order, but in others where sanitary progress has been a dead letter there will surely be a deadly reckoning to avenge past neglect.

It is generally supposed that since India is the natural home of cholera, the disease is everywhere present, and at all times ready to take an epidemic form. This is not the case. An epidemic of cholera follows the same laws in India as in any other country There are parts of India, such as the delta of the Ganges in Lower Bengal, and the deltas of some of the great rivers in the south, from which cholera is never really absent. Even in these districts there are periods of quiescence and of activity, and the longer the quiescent period, generally, the greater the subsequent activity. But when cholera leaves what is called the "endemic area," it progresses just as it does in other countries. It fastens with avidity on a new population, and stays with it as long as there is any material in the shape of predisposed humanity to feed on. During its progress it is influenced by season and atmospheric conditions, sometimes retarded, sometimes held in abeyance and often helped into activity, but after a period lasting from two to three years, the cholera material whatever it may be, seems to be unable to continue its self-propagation, and dies out, leaving the population of the province free from attack for uncertain periods of time varying from a few months to several years. The year 1874 was remarkable in India for an almost complete absence of epidemic cholera in all the provinces outside the "endemic" area. In many provinces of India the influence of a cholera epidemic is very slightly felt during the first year, more markedly in the second, and very often a sudden decline is shown in the third. And after an epidemic there may be a very considerable interval of time when the district is as free of cholera in any form as the countries of Europe generally are.

Of the intimate nature of the cholera contagion nothing is positively known. Koch and many others believe it to be connected with the growth and development of a bacillus which from its shape has been called the "comma" bacillus. Klein, Lewis, Cunningham, and other observers show that this "comma" bacillus is found in the drinking waters of India, not only in the time of epidemics, *but in seasons when the people using such waters are absolutely free of cholera.* No direct

proof has been afforded by bacteriologists that the "comma" bacillus is the means of communication of cholera from man to man, though it is probable that a living organism, or some products of a living organism, are immediately concerned in the spread of the cholera pestilence. There are many points yet to be worked out by scientific inquirers regarding the causation of cholera. For instance, if the form of cholera now prevailing in the suburbs of Paris is due to a bacillus, it would be interesting to know in what respect the Parisian bacillus differs from the "comma" bacillus of Koch and other observers. Newspaper reports say that the Parisian and Saigon bacilli are identical in shape and appearance, that both have, like certain breeds of terriers, a crook, or peculiar marking, of the tail, not described or figured by Koch. It may be so, but it is difficult to understand how the suburban cholera of Paris and the Asiatic cholera of Russia can be attributable to the same cause. In the one case we have a choleraic disorder, not spreading, apparently circumscribed in its area, and with very little infective power, while on the other we have a raging epidemic, swift ini ts advance and gaining force and lethal power with every day of progress. It may be that science will one of these days decide whether there is more than one varicty of cholera contagion, or whether one form is capable of variation and of producing such different effects. Practically, if we knew all about the exact nature of the cholera poison, the knowledge would not help us very far in dealing with its effects. Recent scientific investigations have shown that the knowledge of the bacilli of consumption, fevers, &c., do not assist very much in the prevention of consumption and fevers. We have, as a matter of fact, to fall back on general principles of sanitation if we would protect a community from the ravages of these invisible microbes which seem to play so large a part in the destiny of living things.

And this consideration leads to the inquiry, In what degree are Europe, America, and civilised nations better prepared to withstand an invasion of cholera in 1892 than sixty, forty, or twenty years ago? Manifestly, the cholera invasions of former years have not been in vain, for they have taught civilised people the absolute need of attention to the hygiene of communities. The study of questions connected with the public health has occupied the learned of all countries for many years, and the laws of nations relating to public health have undergone vast changes and improvement, so that in a very large Continental area, as in Great Britain and America, communities have been provided, at

vast cost, with some of the essentials of healthy life, such as pure and plentiful water supply, drainage, and diminution of crowding in limited areas. In all these respects the world of 1892 is far in advance of the world of 1831, and in those areas where the greatest attention has been given to the sanitary well-being of the people—if there be any truth in sanitary teaching—the cholera invasion should be robbed of its terrors. But those countries which have adopted a veneer of sanitary reform in the place of solid improvement will be found out, and there remains for them a sad awakening as to their needs. Russia, in this respect, may be looked upon as an empire barely emerging from barbarism. She has not been without her warnings as to the danger of cholera epidemics running through her half-civilised acquisitions in Asian soil, but she has deliberately preferred to keep up a huge standing army, at a cost beyond her means, rather than devote a portion of her wealth to the betterment of the social and sanitary condition of the population owning allegiance to her. Those acquainted with Asiatic populations and the difficulty of exercising any useful influence on their habits and mode of life can best appreciate Russia's present difficulty. A more limited ambition in regard to extension of territory might have enabled her to give good government to her own population ; and in the phrase "good government" is included the provision and enforcement of laws for the health and happiness of the people. But in the hour of need we find her people panic-stricken, without any provision to meet the enemy that "walketh in darkness," and riot, confusion, and disorder everywhere following in the cholera trail. These are things which should not be in any well-ordered and civilised community.

It is curious to find how ready European nations are to attempt the enforcement of quarantine against their neighbours whenever cholera is on the move, in complete forgetfulness of the fact that no system of military or sanitary "cordon" between one country and another united by land has ever been successful in keeping out the intruder. The system is the cause of intense suffering and annoyance to a large number of innocent and helpless people, and is no more effectual than was Mrs. Partington's mop against the advance of the Atlantic. Recent developments of this absurd custom, including the sprinkling of evil smelling disinfectants over unfortunate travellers at frontier railway stations, are simply ludicrous.

It cannot be too strongly urged that land quarantine, whatever may be said in favour of the sea variety, is simply impossible to maintain

with the least efficiency. In India, with ample military aid at hand, we have tried over and over again to keep certain cantonments free, but, so far as can be ascertained, without the smallest success. The strength of a chain lies in its weakest link, and most of the links of the sanitary cordons coming under the present writer's experience have been uncommonly weak.

It is often said by foreigners that India ought to make an effort to keep cholera within its own domains for "home consumption," and that its exportation abroad is a great evil. There is no doubt some basis of truth in these taunts, but the answer is that India is slowly advancing in the matter of sanitary provision, and would advance much faster if the intelligence and desires of the governed led in the same direction as the wishes of Government. Already many of the large towns are making provision for water supply and drainage on European systems in preference to their old arrangements.

All these things cost money, and Indian municipalities are poor, but money is not the only difficulty. The great bulk of the people prefer to be let alone, and have no belief whatever in sanitary principles. They are for the most part fatalists, believers in "Karma," or the fore-ordaining of their fates. Should cholera or other sickness fall upon them "it is their fate," and discussion or reasoning on the causes is closed. With a people so conservative, progress in practical sanitation must be exceedingly slow.

So far as Government legislation goes, the provision for sanitary needs in the Municipal and Local Boards Acts is quite half a century in advance of the general aspirations and intelligence of the people. Every year sees some advance, the people are becoming better educated in general knowledge, and the principles of hygiene are taught in all Government schools. But it will take many years of steady progress before the Indian populations are sufficiently impressed with the necessity of making some sacrifice for the preservation of their own and their neighbours' health. There is further this mystery about epidemics of cholera, that the germs of the disease seem to be bred in the soil of the huge alluvial deltas, and that this reproduction of the bacillus or *contagium* probably goes on independently of the agency of man or of animals. Floods and drought alternate over thousands of miles of country, and the control of the generation of cholera seems to be quite hopeless. It it satisfactory to notice that even within the endemic area there are places where the ravages of cholera have been much

mitigated. In Calcutta, for instance, which has been supplied with good filtered water, the cholera mortality has sensibly decreased of late years, and in many of the larger towns and military and civil stations the same result has followed on the introduction of sanitary measures.

The improvement would be more marked than it actually is if the people were alive to their best interests. In Calcutta, for instance, although the municipal authorities have provided excellent and abundant supplies of drinking water, and standpipes convenient of access, there are thousands of conservative Hindus who persist in drawing their supplies from the open and foul tanks about their homes.

There is a very curious superstition influencing native conduct in regard to the use of water. The belief is that water purifies everything it touches, without receiving any contamination in return, and this deep-rooted belief accounts in a large measure for the general carelessness of the people in regard to water. On one occasion when I was Sanitary Commissioner of Madras, I had, after inspection, recommended the Municipal Commissioners to set aside certain tanks and wells on the outskirts of the town for drinking supplies. On my next visit of inspection I was proudly informed that the Commissioners had acceded to my recommendation, and had placed watchmen over the sources of supply to see that the water was not fouled. I expressed my pleasure to the native Commissioners, who took me to see the "improvement." The watchman was there certainly, but immediately under his nose, in the shallow margin of the tank, there stood some six or eight women washing the dirty linen of their households. Neither the Commissioners nor the watchman had any idea that the washing of foul linen in the tank would do the water any harm.

On another occasion I had to make an official report on the water supply of an important town in the south of India, at a time when cholera was fiercely raging amongst the people. My particular attention was drawn to a "holy" tank, within the principal temple, in which thousands of residents and pilgrims daily washed their bodies and clothes, and afterwards drank of the water. The surface of this water was covered about half an inch thick with a green vegetable scum, and it stank abominably, being full of animal and vegetable matter living and dead. The water would have been sweet enough but for the uses to which it was put, in the washing of the bodies and clothes of the people, for its source was the sandy soil of a river bank, which acted as a natural filter, but it was in reference to this

water that the managing Brahmins of the temple propounded to me the native belief that water could receive no contamination. I was able to demonstrate to them a very dangerous degree of organic impurity, and they afterwards went to the expense of pumping out and cleaning the tank; but as they adopted no precautions to prevent future fouling the water was just as bad six months after the cleaning as before.

These incidents show some of the difficulties attending sanitary reform in Eastern countries. They are common to Eastern civilisation, and one country is no better or worse than another. In India there has been the beginning of sanitary reform, though much yet remains to be done. In other countries I am not sure that any beginning has been made. Until very considerable progress has been effected in these matters, not only in India but in Persia, Arabia, and Asiatic Russia, it is quite certain that cholera epidemics will find their way to Europe.

But when the pestilence does come it is pretty certain to find some weak places in our sanitary harness, even in this country of ours, which has set an example to all other nations in sanitary provision for the people.

What, for instance, is to be said of the water provision of a considerable portion of the largest city in the world, where the intakes are liable to receive the sewage of a large valley population, including many considerable towns? Is there not great risk and danger of cholera pollution from this source, and would it not be wise of our Local Government in London to seek for fresh sources of supply, and, even at the expenditure of millions of money, following the example of Glasgow, Manchester, and Birmingham, to ensure the absolute safety of the population from the various forms of poisoning resulting from the use of tainted water?

And have we no unhealthy quarters in our crowded cities, no defects in our drainage systems and methods of removal of animal waste from men's habitations? Whatever remains to be done in these respects should be done quickly, for if my reading of the signs be correct, the enemy may be amongst us before the discussion on "how to do it" is half completed. If not in the present autumn, the invading cholera, which is so marked in its characteristics, is pretty sure to reach this country in 1893, and those officially responsible for watching over the public health cannot be better employed than in making every preparation to resist the invader within their several spheres of action.

W. ROBT. CORNISH,
Surgeon-General.

SOCIETY IN BERLIN.

OF all Continental capitals Berlin presents in recent times the most rapid growth. In 1855 its population was scarcely 500,000, it is now more than 1,500,000, and the annual increase is about 50,000, of which a large part is due to immigration. That this process has serious drawbacks is certain, but it is a fact which must be accepted as unavoidable, and which will be accelerated by the swallowing up of the outlying suburbs: even Charlottenburg, hitherto a separate town, must soon become part of the capital; and it may be confidently asserted that in no distant time Berlin will have outstripped Paris. Nor is this progress only a numerical one: formerly Berlin was of all large European cities certainly the poorest, even in Germany it was far behind Hamburg, Leipsic, or Frankfort. Except the public buildings and the palaces of the Royal family there were few elegant houses, rents were low, the shops of the most modest appearance. In 1856, I saw the first plate-glass window set in the Friedrichstrasse, which excited universal admiration. The streets were ill-paved, with open gutters, there was no system of drainage, all water had to be fetched from pumps in pails, and water for drinking was sold by carriers. The cabs were dirty, their horses miserable, which was not astonishing, the fare for long distances being only 6d., and besides the Court there were certainly not ten persons who had a carriage of their own. The fashionable quarter was restricted to about four large streets and squares, and when in 1856 I took up my quarters two minutes' walk away from the Potsdam Gate, this was considered an unheard of innovation for a member of the diplomatic body. Besides the Court and the foreign Ministers, three to four noblemen and as many rich bankers might be named who gave dinners and routs; for the rest, society was limited to afternoon coffee parties with a large supply of cakes and tarts, followed by some sweet wine, and to evening tea parties with miniature sandwiches. The higher civil and military officials, some pro-

fessors, and the well-to-do *bourgeoisie* gave a rout with a hot supper, once or twice during the winter season, which had to be enjoyed standing, so that one had to hold one's hat under one's arm and the plate of chicken-pie in the other hand. On account of the large number of persons brought into a few rooms, these parties were irreverently called "*Abfütternugen*," by feeding your acquaintances in large batches you accomplished your duties to society. After 1856, the general impulse given to industrial and commercial activity by the Peace of Paris produced a certain effect upon Berlin also; larger and more elegant houses were built, new streets were laid out, the beer and coffee gardens before the gates were moved further away, the show-rooms of the shops were improved; yet there was no comparison with one of the great arteries of London or Paris, and I remember that, even in 1863, Marshal Moltke, returning from the Austrian capital, where he had seen the magnificent Ringstrasse, said, "Really, compared to Vienna, Berlin is but a big village."

All this is wonderfully changed. The low and poor-looking houses have disappeared and are replaced by palatial buildings, entirely new quarters have sprung up, the great thoroughfares in the centre are second to those of no other metropolis in thriving traffic and elegance, the number of handsome private carriages is legion, seventeen theatres do not suffice for the demand, any kind of luxury is to be had, and a well recommended foreigner may go from one sumptuous entertainment to another. Under the intelligent municipal administration headed by Burgomaster von Forchenbeck, Berlin has become one of the best paved and lighted cities, with all sanitary improvements, the drainage is perfect, pure water is supplied everywhere up to the highest floors, public baths have been established in the different quarters, cheap means of conveyance by trams and the circuit railway help to overcome the great distances, and the first-class cabs are comfortable and swift. In fact, Berlin has become a real metropolis and a rich one, as is shown by the assessment of the reformed Income-tax.

The causes of this astonishing transformation are various: first of all, Berlin has grown into one of the largest manufacturing towns of Europe; it is the central market of North Germany for corn, wool, spirits, and all other agricultural products; as a money market it is on the Continent second only to Paris; above all, it has become the capital of the German Empire, the centre of politics of a new first-rate Power. The larger a town grows the stronger becomes its power of attraction, the material

centripetal forces acting upon the intellectual ones of literature, science, and arts. True, Germany being a federal State, Berlin will never absorb Munich, Dresden, Stuttgart, Hamburg, &c., as Paris has absorbed the French provincial towns, in which there is scarcely any independent intellectual life to be found; and this is fortunate, for those smaller centres have a life of their own, less subject to the caprices of fashion, where talents find more room for free and original development; but with all that the force of attraction of Berlin in every branch of human activity is strong enough, and thousands who hope to acquire fame, to better their condition, or at least to find the means of subsistence, are constantly flocking to the capital and enlarging it.

The mere fact of this extraordinary development makes it well worth while to investigate some of the leading social traits of this newest metropolis, and I shall try to do so, availing myself for some features of a well-informed book on the subject* and supplementing and criticising at the same time the author's observations.

The classes which give character to the German capital are: (1) the nobility; (2) the *nouveaux riches;* (3) the *bourgeoisie* and the higher officials; (4) the smaller tradespeople, handicraftsmen, and subaltern officials; (5) science, literature, and art; (6) the intellectual proletariate; (7) the working classes.

1. The Prussian nobility holds a position of great importance at Berlin, although in wealth and political position it cannot compare with that of England or even of Austria. There are but few magnates who have a house of their own in the capital. Opulent commoner families take a large flat in one of the fashionable streets and inhabit it during the winter season, but for most nobles, well off as they may be, a winter in Berlin, with its Court balls and ladies' dresses, is far too expensive, they remain on their estates or go to the provincial chief towns, such as Münster, Breslau, Königsberg; if they come to Berlin they live in an hotel, as do most of the members of the Upper House and the Reichstag during the Session. In Prussia as in Germany generally there is no law of primogeniture as in England: the eldest son indeed, as a rule, inherits the estate, but, except in the case of strict entail, it is generally encumbered with mortgages in favour of the younger sons and the daughters. The eldest son has to bear the burden of the noble name without having sufficient means to support it, and so is obliged to

*Otto von Leixner, 1888-91. *Sociale Briefe aus Berlin*, 1891.

obtain an office; all the places in the Court are reserved for the nobles, and in the Royal guard an officer who does not belong to the nobility is an exception. Most of the higher places in the Civil Service are also filled by the nobles, although they have no claim to them.

The Court, the nobility, the Ministers, and the diplomatic body form what is called the exclusive society. They have the same mode of living, the same forms of speaking, the same idle pleasures. Their male members, of course, are brought into contact with other classes by politics, art, or literature, the female by common activity in charities, but this does not lead to social intimacy.

2. The *nouveaux riches* present a great contrast to the nobility; their fortunes have no history, even if they buy estates; therefore I do not comprise amongst them merchants or individuals who by long and hard labour perhaps for several generations have at last amassed great wealth. I mean those who owe their riches to clever speculations, be it in funds or houses, in shares or commodities. I do not say that their activity is mere gambling. It requires, of course, a certain acuteness to discern whether an article will rise in value or fall, but in a large measure this, nevertheless, is a question of chance and luck without any serious work. And, besides, these people are not over scrupulous as to the means of making money. One of them is said to have cynically observed, "You cannot to-day become a millionaire without escaping the prison by a hair's breadth." Dishonest practices take place frequently; for instance, in turning large industrial firms into limited liability companies. First, the concern is generally bought at too high a price, and then the "gründer" (founders) water the capital to such an extent that a profitable employment is scarcely possible. Nevertheless, the most glowing prospects are held out to seduce the public, the shares are introduced at a premium, and dividends paid for the first year out of capital. But when the "gründer" have sold their lot they withdraw, and leave the devil to take the hindermost. One has only to glance at the Berlin price list to see how many shares are quoted at mere nominal prices. The losses which credulous people have suffered in this way, or through being allured by the high interest offered by foreign funds of doubtful security, which after some years stop payment, are enormous, and, of course, beget hatred against those practitioners who have inflicted them, but who rarely can be made responsible for their frauds.

The example of such quickly-acquired fortunes acts as a moral contagion; men who have neither the necessary funds, nor are sharp-

witted enough to weigh adequately the chances, take to gambling at the Exchange, lose what they possess, then are driven to embezzle the money of others, and the end is prison, if not suicide. This class of rich upstarts is to be found in every large mercantile place, but it is comparatively more numerous in Berlin than in London or Paris, and more influential, because it has not to contend against the aristocratic exclusiveness of a wealthy nobility as in London, nor against the Faubourg St. Germain and the large colony of rich foreigners as in Paris. The way in which these mushroom grandees spend their money corresponds to that in which they have got it. Artistic interests they have none. If they do not miss any first representation nor the concerts of famous artists, if they buy pictures and subscribe to charities, it is only to show that they belong to the upper ten thousand. They invite noblemen, painters, and musicians simply to adorn their drawing-rooms, decorated in gorgeous bad taste, and they have introduced that coarse sort of dinner which, owing to the multiplication of dainty dishes and wines of fabulous prices, lasts three hours and more. On the whole, I think that the insolent style of living of this class, the manners of which smack of their low origin, has done more than anything to foster hatred against the higher classes in Berlin.

3. The well-to-do *bourgeoisie* and the higher officials form the backbone of the Berlin middle-classes. Among the former there are very rich merchants and mill-owners with an income of £5,000 to £10,000, but the average may be taken at £800 to £1,200 a year. These people, although in affluent circumstances, have a simple style of living, their homes are handsomely furnished, they give to their children the very best education, they encourage the fine arts, and have an open house for their friends, they do much in the way of charities, they travel and spend their holidays at the seaside or in the Alps ; but all this is done without show ; the surplus income is quietly laid by to provide for the children. This class is very much like the good Parisian *bourgeoisie*, with the difference, however, that in Berlin the wives are not partners or accountants in business. In both, the family life throughout is irreproachable.

A different position is that of the higher officials. If they have not a fortune of their own, or do not make a good marriage, they are in straitened circumstances. The salaries are low compared with the enhanced price of living, and yet their social position forces them to keep up a certain appearance. They must have a decent dwelling, and cannot

live in the suburbs; they and their families must be well dressed; their children must frequent the high-class schools. Taking the income at £250 to £300, the rent alone swallows one-fifth to one-fourth; the food, even of the simplest kind, will absorb one-third; dress, education, one servant, taxes, repairs, another one-third, so that very little remains for other expenses. It requires great skill and strict economy for man and wife to make both ends meet, particularly with a large family. The mother goes with the servant to the market, she and the daughters help in the kitchen, and make their dresses, while the father's coats and trousers, dyed and re-fitted, go to the sons. The budget of pleasures is naturally of the most modest kind. Many girls of this class are working for great shops, embroidering, painting porcelain, making flowers, and thus earning a little pocket money. Yet these families contrive to pull through honourably; they are seldom in debt, their morality leaves nothing to be desired, and they keep up their position by that strong sense of duty and honour traditional in the civil and military service of Prussia.

4. It is pretty much the same with the larger part of the small tradesmen, handicraftsmen, and lower officials. As to the latter, it is scarcely credible how they can live with a family on their miserable salaries; they have not, of course, to maintain the same social appearances as their higher-placed brethren; yet (if they do not wear uniform) they have to provide decent clothes for themselves, their wives, and their children, who must, besides, be sent to school. However, with frugal living, they mostly get on without incurring debts; but it cannot be disputed that with the enhanced price of living there is much discontent in this class, and in some parts of it even a leaning to social democracy. The small tradesmen and handicraftsmen are, generally speaking, a laborious, energetic, and common-sense set of people; some rise to a certain well-being, but, as a rule, they have to rely upon the daily earnings. They work hard all the week, and on Sunday have their innocent recreations in the environs, taking their victuals in a basket to the modest inns, where they find their glass of small beer, or cook themselves their coffee. In recent years there has, however, been a change for the worse. Everyone who now visits Berlin will be struck by the gorgeous beer-palaces which have lately been erected by the great Bavarian breweries. There you get good and comparatively cheap breakfasts and suppers, but the beer is dear. These houses are always crowded in all their floors. Most of their customers belong to the lower middle class, and it is not only the men but also the wives who go there, nay, even the children,

who cannot be left alone at home and who inhale the unwholesome air of these places during hours when they ought to be in bed. The expense thus incurred generally far exceeds the means which can be devoted to pleasure, the consequence is debt and discontent, a favourable field for social democracy, which has made great progress in this class.

5. Science, Art, and Literature. Science stands high in Berlin on account of the University and Academy, but, fortunately, the Prussian capital in this respect, too, is not to Germany what Paris is to France. Munich, Leipzig, and other universities are all centres of scientific activity, but Berlin honourably maintains its eminent place. It is not quite the same as regards art, of course. Berlin has sculptors of renown, such as Begas, Schafer, Enke, painters of genius like Menzel, Kenaus, Meyerheim; but, on the whole, Munich stands much higher. Perhaps the reason is that the artists are spoiled by society. Pictures are mostly bought not by real connoisseurs, but by the *nouveaux riches* who want something startling to decorate their drawing-rooms, and, therefore, painters are apt to flatter this taste. It is astonishing to see in the exhibitions the number of portraits of coarse and vulgar-looking persons, and no contrast could be greater than to compare these with Herkomer's or Benjamin Constant's masterpieces. Of all arts music is in Berlin most in vogue; the Sinfonie Concerts are admirable, and in winter scarcely a day passes without a first-class performance; but although there are certainly many connoisseurs and enthusiastic admirers, fashion and the fact that music superficially understood is the art which requires least thought count for much. The Opera has its merits, but I doubt whether it can compete with that of Munich, certainly not with that of Vienna. The Royal Theatre lost its former fame under the incompetent leadership of Baron Hülsen, and his successor, Count Hochberg, has not yet succeeded in raising it to its former standard. The shortcomings of this institution, which should be the first school of dramatic art, explain the success of the German Theatre and the Berlin Theatre for higher dramatic art and of the Lessing Theatre for the modern social drama; the acting in all three is excellent, because they are under artistic leadership, while with the Royal theatres tradition unfortunately places at their head a nobleman-amateur. But if the actors deserve all praise, the dramatic authors certainly do not. It is notable that the great German victories, and the enthusiasm with which the unification of the Fatherland was hailed, have not produced a single poet of note, still less great

dramatic writers. Of the numberless plays which have seen the footlights during two decades none has achieved lasting fame; with the exception perhaps of Sudormann's *Honour*, all have passed into the limbo of oblivion. Wildenbruch, whose talent at first looked promising, has sunk to a Hohenzollern Court poet, who in his last so-called comedy has landed in the futility of bad taste, and the new school of the "Young Ones" which fills the *Freie Bühme* revels in coarse naturalism. Nor can anything better be said of the Berlin novel-writers. Wildenbruch, indeed, formerly gave us some first-rate pictures of small size, but for the rest there is no one who can be said to rise above the ordinary level; and perhaps the most deplorable proof of the prevailing bad taste is that books like Stinde's *Buchholz Family* and its sequels, which embody the very essence of Berlinese platitude, should have gone through fifty editions. It must also be said that the novels and dramas of Berlin authors do not at all give a faithful picture of the higher society, because those writers are generally not admitted into its circles, and this is still more true of the gentlemen of the newspaper Press; there are, of course, among them upright and clever men who fill their place honourably, but the great majority are seldom met in high-class drawing-rooms, whereas in Paris and London first-rate writers are always welcome.

6. The Intellectual Proletariate. It is a characteristic of our time that it brings forth so many intellectual workers who cannot find work. The reason is that up to our days it was fondly believed that the State had no more important task than to render the acquiring of knowledge as easy as possible, and for that purpose to establish as many higher schools as possible. But it was not asked whether there was room enough for employing all these forces after their education was finished. In Germany this question must decidedly be answered in the negative; there is an enormous intellectual over-production. Taking, for instance, the juridical career in Prussia, we find that there were (October 1st, 1891) 1,851 assessors, *i.e.*, men who have not only passed through the gymnasium and the University, but have already served the State gratis for about five years, whilst the annual average demand is one hundred; there are more than 7,000 examined architects without a fixed employment; it is the same with engineers, teachers in classics, mathematics, &c. These unemployed forces are particularly attracted to the great capitals, because everyone hopes that with the many chances they offer he will find a gap into which he may jump. If he has the pecuniary means for waiting he may sometimes succeed, but if he has not he will probably

go to the dogs. Men of University training are nearly without exception incapable of any other work. If they do not succeed in their branch they cannot become tailors or carpenters, they must take to pettifogging, giving lessons, copying, writing for inferior papers, &c. Leixner tells us that there are lawyers, physicians, doctors of philosophy, among those who are regularly relieved by the Berlin Poor Board. All these men are, of course, discontented with the present state of things and ready to join with those forces which alone hold out hope of overthrowing it. Nor are female candidates wanting in this proletariate; all those who give lessons in music or languages, who write mediocre novels for low-class journals, or who work for shows at starvation wages are swelling the army of social revolution.

7. That army, of course, is principally recruited from the working classes, *i.e.*, those who gain their livelihood by their hands. Social democracy is rampant in many parts of Germany, particularly in the industrial towns, but Berlin is its headquarters. The whole mass of the working classes of the capital, with comparatively few exceptions, belong to the social democracy. Of these men not one in a thousand have any clear conception of the doctrines they profess; and this is but natural, for economic problems as they are set forth by the fallacies of Lassalle and Marx are by far too intricate to be understood by people who have only gone through the elementary schools. If they read at all, it is the party papers and cheap popular books or novels cleverly compiled to excite the passions of the masses against the existing order of society, and painting in glowing colours the material well-being which awaits them with the victory of Socialism. In fact, social democracy is not so much a party doctrine as a creed; these ignorant masses do not discern that the very name of the party is in itself a contradiction, that in the socialistic state there would be no democracy, but a despotism compared to which Russian autocracy would be liberty, because, the State becoming the sole employer, everything would be in the hands of the leaders. Even now there is no party in which these are so absolutely the masters; they give the cry for everything and are implicitly obeyed; any opposition is sternly put down. This is in a great part the consequence of Bismarck's ill-advised policy; on the one hand introducing State Socialism and even acknowledging the rights of labour, he at the same time put the social democrats of the day beyond the pale of law, thus making them martyrs, and by the iron band of persecution welding them into one compact mass, blindly following its leaders. The present

Government has wisely let the Socialist Law fall into abeyance, whilst it has passed those protective laws, and the good consequences of this policy are already manifest in the schisms which are apparent in the party. The mischief, however, has been done, and the leaders are too reckless and too unscrupulous not to follow up their policy to the very furthest limits. That policy is above all to excite hatred, to revile religion, and to preach materialism, to discourage thrift and economy by attracting the workmen to the frequent Socialist meetings, where they spend their wages in drink and are intoxicated by the incendiary speeches of agitators, who mainly aim at rousing the material passions. Moreover, the rising generation promises to be much worse; lads of sixteen years flock to those meetings and translate what they hear into practice. Leixner truly says that the bad example given by so many of the richer classes has powerfully contributed to the development of the Socialist movement, but he certainly errs in believing that those higher classes may undo the mischief done, by social reforms and taking care of the working classes. Certainly many great manufacturers have achieved much for their workmen, and have kept them out of the pale of the agitators, but such self-sacrificing masters will always be an exception, particularly as protection, which engenders over-production, has brought German industry into a precarious condition. Social reforms, even if they go as far as does the law of insurance against old age and sickness, are taken by the fanatical masses as mere trifling instalments of what the State ought to do, whilst they impose on the State, the manufacturers, and the working men heavy pecuniary sacrifices.

We therefore think that the work of reconciliation on which Leixner places his hope for the future has little chance of success, and that the Socialist agitation will continue to progress until it works out its own destruction by the innate insanity which must become manifest as soon as the party is called upon to give a practical shape to the aims it pursues. This battle, however, will not be decided in Berlin nor in any of the great towns; the question will be whether the country at large has sufficient conservative forces to oppose the anarchical masses of the Socialist army.

GEFFCKEN.

SUMMER HUNTING.

"ALL over for the next four months!" was the piteous groan we heard made by a true hunting enthusiast as he rode sadly home after the last day of his favourite sport in the New Forest in early May! Not a very bad innings, most people would think, after all; but the bigoted hunting man is a very glutton as to his amusement, and believes every moment to be wasted that is not employed in its prosecution. To such as these we offer consolation—there is yet balm in Gilead; the cry of the hound can, in certain favoured regions, be heard in every month of the year; you have but to choose carefully the locality to find quarry adapted to the different seasons, and you may enjoy your pet pastime with but a very brief break in your round of pleasure.

Crops will interfere with you in most countries; summer suns and parched ground would make you shudder at the bare idea of victimising your favourite hunters. But our ancestors have left us as a legacy their old playgrounds, in the shape of our ancient forests—sadly reduced in size in the majority of cases, it is very true, under the remorseless utilitarian spirit of the early nineteenth century, but still remaining in the form, sometimes of woodlands, in which there is room to enjoy many a different kind of sport; sometimes of wide stretches of open heath, wild and uncultivated; and in the case of the New Forest of a territory of mingled heath, woodland, and morass, sacred to sport as in the days of the Red King, and still butted and bounded by the same meres that were set down in ancient monkish Latin nearly six hundred years ago. Here crops need cause no anxiety to the sportsman at any time of the year, for the soil remains for the most part in the same unreclaimed condition as it was found in by the Norman invader. Even where the hand of man has intervened to make the land available for some profitable purpose, the cultivation has taken the form of plantations, many of which are of great beauty, and some of venerable age.

As far as sport is concerned, this kind of crop is of service rather than the reverse. No fear of damage to farm produce, whether cereals or pasture, need cross the mind of its votaries if they elect to spend the summer in these exquisite surroundings; but the question that rises to the lips of the hunter is—What is to be hunted? and how? To answer his query aright let us persuade him to accompany us at five o'clock on some lovely morning in leafy June to a certain quaint old wooden bridge that spans a little river, bordered in many places by giant oaks or beeches, in the cavernous recesses of whose roots the winter floods have washed out vast hollows which are adopted—and for hundreds of years have been held—as the home and stronghold of successive generations of the otter, one of the wiliest, hardiest, and most difficult to defeat of all the beasts of the chase that man elects to pursue. There is no doubt now as to what we have found to do in the way of hunting, and we find at the rendezvous a small field of sportsmen bent on the same pursuit, among whom is a pretty good sprinkling of the dominant—if the weaker—sex: a very fair indication that fun of some kind is to be expected, and that we have not been dragged out of our beds on an altogether bootless errand. Here come the hounds—not as in the North of England, rough and bred to the chase of the otter alone; these are big, good-looking foxhounds, mostly of a certain age, who have passed the earlier and swifter years of their lives in the chase of the fox or the wild stag, often in countries as wild as that in which they are now standing. Still, for small rivers especially, they are in no way inferior to their more hairy brethren of the North, and, handled as they for so long were by that veteran sportsman whose boast it was that he had successfully hunted the otter for twenty-five successive seasons and had never yet seen an otter hound, they seldom failed to prove that, like a well-bred English hunter, the foxhound cannot be put out of his place, try him at what you will.

However, it is time to make a start, and away we go along the river-side, now over short grass grazed to its very roots by the starveling forest ponies, now through heather up to our knees, anon on a mossy carpet under the shade of the patriarchs of the forest, but always through varying scenery, always with some fresh vista of beauty opening before us. Where the sun beats its way through the leafy canopy the river sparkles over its bright gravelly bed like a necklace of topazes; in the bends are masses of great water lilies—some like huge buttercups afloat on the stream, others white and lovely, exquisitely contrasting with their enor-

mous green leaves. The bog bean is here and there growing in the marshy places, and, but more rarely, the traveller stumbles over a huge tuft of the beautiful flowering fern, the *Osmunda regalis*. A kingfisher shoots ahead of us for a long while, but terrified at last turns back across one of the bends that we have passed; a brood of teal is found, and, though carefully protected from harm, they dive and splash in a dozen different directions, till each little trembling ball of fluff lies *perdu* in a separate tuft of covert. More than one brood of flappers is found, and hustled off the water into the adjoining wood, while overhead the harsh cries of a pair of old herons draw attention to their sweeping graceful flight, as, high in air, they circle over the feeding ground of which we have taken possession and ruthlessly deprived them for the nonce. There are so many things for the sportsman to note, the naturalist to observe, the lover of Nature at her greenest and best to revel in, that the legitimate object of the day has been lost sight of, and we are abruptly roused to a recollection of what we came out for to see by the deep booming note of an old hound on the opposite bank who has struck the first faint trace of the trail, where the otter, perchance, landed for the last time at the very end of his night's long fishing excursion. The rest of the pack feather, but hardly yet confirm it; but at the next bend there is a very chorus as they one and all pick up the line where the midnight traveller crossed a neck of swampy meadow; then on for a short distance in silence where the otter worked the river only, and then another peal as a fresh "stroke' is made; and so on and on, until the cry is almost continuous, and we are all at full stretch as the hounds, fairly revelling in the rich scent, drive across each bend and at times tear along beneath the hollow banks till the novices expect to see the form of the otter itself fleeing just in front of its pursuers. Now, beware, O huntsman! and exercise a little discretion, O ye excited field! Remember that in nine cases out of ten the otter fishes both above and below the spot where he lays up for the day's repose, so that there is in most cases a hot trail which leads up to, and past, that spot which we desire above all things to define accurately. If, then, the hounds are allowed to race on unchecked, they will quite truthfully carry the line past the otter's holt, but it will gradually get colder and colder till it dies out, and the wretched conviction is forced upon the huntsman that he has found and lost his otter and has to begin his work over again. O miserable bunchclod! (to quote the immortal Jorrocks), if on his return voyage he successfully marks that sought-for lair only to find that his otter, disturbed by the hounds,

has slipped away down stream, and is now rapidly making for tidal waters and happy security by a submarine route that leaves no trail behind it! It was, then, to avoid this disaster that our huntsman checked his hounds more than once when carrying a head forward, and held them back over the ground they had already passed, making good each holt as he went—a manœuvre that greatly puzzled our Leicestershire friend, and led him to believe that, although no one could teach him anything as to following hounds when running by the straightest route and in the most expeditious style, still there are one or two things about hunting that have not been included in the schedule of his education, and that on this head there is a good deal to be learnt even by those who have been most successful in imperilling the life of the leading hound during the past winter. However, our huntsman is pretty sure that he has made the river good as he goes, though not free from a care that his otter may be laid up at a little distance from it and so be passed after all. The trail, however, gets hotter and hotter, and there is a pretty decided mark under an ancient alder root. The huntsman ignores it for the moment, and rightly so, for by the manner of the hounds the otter has moved. Up the stream they dash swimming and splashing, almost as if they saw the otter, and presently mark with a rattling chorus at the cavernous roots of an old beech. A cast up stream only hits off the trail at one or two points, but the moment the hounds' heads are turned towards the old spot they fly back to it and mark with a determination that leaves no doubt as to the conclusion which their sagacious minds have arrived at. A little excavation with poles, and an opening is made into which the terrier is introduced, and ere long is heard at work far underground. "Look out below!" is the cry as a wave surges round the legs of those who stand waist-deep at the entrance to the holt. He is gone sure enough, but how or where is a puzzle to the uninitiated. Presently to a watcher at the lower ford there comes a suspicious wave on the surface —a chain of bubbles from below—which rapidly turns and is gone unperceived by half a dozen tyros on the bank; slight indications truly, but more than enough for the old hand who has been placed sentry at this coign of vantage, and his cheery ringing "Tally-ho" rouses the whole hunt to the certainty of the success of the morning's long quest. Sure enough a little later the otter puts up his head in full view of all at the upper shallow, and puts an end to all the remarks of the incredulous novices as to the hounds hunting a "water-rat" or a "gudgeon"!

Verily, if the hounds only hunted what the men saw we should get very little sport in this world! Watch that old dog! The otter has not been seen for five minutes, but he has left the holt where his comrades are marking, and swims steadily down the stream, questing the water from side to side. Ay, now he has it! and his comrades know it well, for they fly to the bell-like note that he flings as he catches the "ream" on the water, and in one moment the whole pack is swimming on the line the otter took as he dived beneath the water the whole length of the long, deep reach. Now he shows more often, and the excitement on the bank is ludicrous. The novices are running up and down to every point where a hound speaks, and, thank goodness! the man who came out with an umbrella has tumbled into the deepest part of the pool well over his head! The old hands stand still in one place, *in* the water, and view the otter three times for every once the excited crowd do so. At last he can stand it no more, and out on to the bank he goes, across the bend, through the brushwood, to another reach. The hounds are tearing and roaring in his wake; but there is less holding for him here than before, and after a further swim he again crawls away from the river, up a narrow ditch, and slips off through strong boggy covert. But there are too many experienced hands out to-day, and this little postern gate has not escaped observation. He does but get well away, when a shrill "Tally-ho!" sounds behind him, that the pack fly to; a chorus round the covert; a sharp ring, and ere he can regain his native element he is rolled over in a bed of yellow arum lilies at the foot of a great oak covered with mosses and ferns, beneath whose giant branches a worry sets in that does not leave all the advantage on the side of the hounds, though in the end their numbers must, of course, triumph. And so a stroll home through lovely country ends a long day's hunt in summer, for the trail hunt lasted for two hours, and it took us in the strong place where we found him nearly that time to dislodge and account for an old dog otter such as we have just brought to hand.

The scene changes altogether. A brilliant moon is hanging in a soft July sky at about the midnight hour. Great masses of trees stand out like the outlines of mountains in the distance. So bright is it that we can see our way in the open nearly as well as by day, while the great black shadows of the woods make the moonlight seem almost brighter than it really is by the contrast. Now far away, and now quite close, we hear the grating note of that weird ventriloquist, the corncrake. The "churr" of the goatsucker is ever in our ears, and in

the distance is heard the "cuck-cuck-cuck" of a belated cuckoo, who has not quite lost his voice, though his true note is a relic of the past spring.

> "In such a night as this,
> When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
> And they did make no noise,"

we join a party of men, hounds, and ladies waiting for us beneath the shadow of a great wood that hangs like a vast cavern over them. Hard by is a well-known stronghold of badgers, for it is the chase of that shy, scarce, yet interesting specimen of the *ursidæ* that is keeping us out of our beds this glorious night.

Incessant but misguided persecution has caused these quaint animals to become scarce in most parts of England. It is a pity that it should be so, as, except for a little egg-poaching, a more harmless beast than the badger does not exist—and he is worthy of protection if only for his rarity and oddity generally. In the New Forest, where all animals and birds are sacred alike, they are carefully preserved, and many a colony of them exists there. In Somersetshire, Dorsetshire, and Devon there are plenty scattered up and down, and in these regions it has been the custom to hunt them in summer with great success after the fashion we are about to describe.

The badger, it must be understood, is of strictly nocturnal habits, and therefore there are but two hours at which it is possible to make an appointment to hunt him, viz., either at that in which the moon is at its fullest and brightest—and this is by far the best—or else half an hour before dawn, so as to make a start in the twilight the moment it is light enough to see your hounds. As soon as the sun peeps over the horizon the badger returns to his fastness, and there is no more fun to be got out of him—above ground, at any rate. As regular in his habits as any old gentleman whose invariable practice it is to "come home to tea," he leaves his earth as soon as twilight has set in every evening, and as soon as he is really gone, viz., about ten o'clock, every opening to the burrow must be stopped by a trusty hand. The best plan is to have stout faggots of the right size placed ready to hand and then, cramming each into the earth, to drive a stout stake through the whole. Nor must the earth-stopper quit his post for one moment, for if anything happens to rouse the badger's suspicions during his nocturnal rambles he will be back at his fortress in a trice, and no

stopping, short of solid masonry, will keep him from forcing his way in with incredible rapidity unless a man be there to frighten him away. Sometimes, where it is desired to take the badger alive, an open sack, with a purse-string round the mouth, fastened to a stout stake or trusty tree root, is placed in the hole, and the unhappy beast, bolting into it, is irretrievably tied up in a jiffy. But the hounds must be close at him to bring this plan to a successful issue, or else so crafty an animal will never, if he has time to reflect, enter his front door when it is so strangely metamorphosed.

The hounds are rather a scratch pack. There is a harrier or two, useful perhaps, melodious certainly—about three couple of good hard-bitten terriers, and these are indispensable, but the mainstay of the establishment is, as usual, the well-bred foxhound. Of these there are four couple, all old and steady from all "riot" but the fox, and that we have to take the chance of. We have all arrived, and the ladies have each retained a cavalier who is pledged to see them through the dangers and difficulties of this midnight hunt, so without more delay the sport commences. The hounds are taken down to the well stopped earth, and apparently out of the ground rises the form of its trusty custodian. He has even been able to watch the badger away in early dusk, and is quite sure that no earth has been opened since he secured it. The huntsman draws the pack across the line, and in a moment they hit it off, terriers and all. It is a hot scent that the badger leaves behind him, and in the dewy grass they fairly scream at it. It is hard work to keep up with them, but the line is very tortuous, for it is not that of a beast fleeing before his pursuers, but is the leisurely ramble of the badger in search of his food and pleasure generally. Here he has travelled up the side of an ancient bank and hedgerow, digging up one succulent root after another, there he has rambled down the opposite ditch, scratching out a wasp's nest by the way, or perchance a "stop" of young rabbits. Then across the lane and through the little spinney, where his wanderings seem to have aimlessly zig-zagged about. In this way we have known the badger to ramble over six or seven miles of country, yet not as a rule to travel more than three from his home. There is something very weird, very fascinating, in the melodious cry of the pack as it echoes through the still woods beneath the calm moonlight. It is a curious experience in hunting, a lesson in woodcraft to all whose first essay it may happen to be. But our quarry, though so far before us, is within earshot, and presently gets seriously alarmed. Roaming is all very well,

he thinks, but with these yelling fiends about—up to no good, he fears—there clearly is "no place like home." So off he sets at his queer shambling canter, and on arriving at his sacred hearth is greeted by a loud view halloo from the watcher at the threshold. We all know what this means, and make for the earth, which we reach in time to hear the hounds work out the line that the badger has come by, and turn short as they reach the spot where he was but just now headed. Back they swing into the old wood, which echoes to their chorus, till after one short turn after another it seems to become concentrated and intensified on one spot. To this place we scramble through brake and briar, and at length discern the black and white stripes of the badger's head as he stands at bay between the knees of an ancient beech through whose foliage the fitful moonlight gleams in chequered patches. A cheer or two lends the pack courage; a good terrier who fears nothing, if he have his master's sanction to engage it, drives in and pins the brock regardless of punishment. A second terrier joins suit, and in the struggle the badger has to quit his coign of vantage. The hounds are now upon him, and a terrible worry ensues, to which there can be but one end, and the poor badger succumbs to *force majeure*, though he has left his sign manual on every one of his assailants. Ere the field penetrate to the spot, he is stretched out in death, and the licking of wounds by the hounds is the only evidence of the fierce struggle that has just taken place.

A faint rosy streak of dawn is in the north-east as we turn our steps towards home. There seems to be a tendency among the party to pair off as we grope through the darker recesses of the woods—and as the couples drift further and further apart, conversation seems to drop to very softened tones. Well! we have seen the like occur at the same witching hour when

> "With dying lights and dawning,
> Night whispers to the morning,"

at the conclusion of some ball. After all, it is a solemn hour, and there can be no need to *shout* when the small pink ear that is listening is such a *very* little way off—but we are straying outside the limits of sport altogether. Our hunt is over, and we will leave it to paterfamilias who is in charge of the brake that is to convey his party home to make his comments as to the extraordinary delay on the part of some of his charges in arriving at the rendezvous. Soon the colours begin to

reappear on the foliage, a rosy flush is creeping over all, and long ere we reach home

> "Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
> Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top."

Well, O Meltonian friend! have we not shown you one or two sporting hunts, and can you deny that for true scientific hound work the summer season holds its own pretty well even against winter? Yes, you say, it is very beautiful, very interesting, very skilful, but after all you like best the hunt where the good horse shares the excitement with you, and imparts to your own feeble frame a vigour and a power that Nature never endowed you with. Well! Well! "What is bred in the bone," &c., but never mind, go and telegraph for your horse, for your polo breeches and boots, and get a saddle or two lined with linen, for August 10th has come. Rain has fallen copiously, and all is in good order to commence the chase of the wild fallow buck in the New Forest. Through the same beautiful scenery as that in which we so lately hunted the otter we jog along to the place of meeting, on a breezy upland moor, with great masses of woods standing out here and there, like huge green islands in a sea of purple heather. There is a good deal for the foxhunter to learn even at this sport, and it is with some surprise that he sees the pack—which, by the way, he has looked well over and found to compare not unfavourably with some of the best known Midland establishments—taken up in couples and put in charge of certain men on foot, with the exception of two couple of oldish hounds. We jog off for a mile or two to where an old keeper is apparently waiting for us. "Here they crossed, sir, two small bucks and one very big one, just as the clock struck eight." "Eight! why it is 11.30 now, how are we to find them when they are so long gone?" exclaims our foxhunter! In another minute one old hound is feathering on the line, and presently speaks—the others score to cry, and the whole four of them are soon slipping along through the sea of fern at a fair hunting pace. Plenty of time and room must they have, for it is a tangled skein that they have to unravel, but they are never off the line; and at last from a brake of fern there burst in front of them the three bucks that were found for us four long hours ago. Away go the tufters, and after them the field. Following a pilot who knows the country, we are able to view the bucks into a plantation, and over one, two rides. Across the third the two small bucks come, on different lines, with the tufters close at them. We are able to assist the huntsman by stopping one couple, while he is not long in picking up the

others; and now we have our hounds in hand, we have viewed two small deer away, but where is the buck we set forth to hunt? The huntsman does not hesitate a moment. He has had these dodges tried on him before, and he claps his hounds on the line *heel way* of the buck he just viewed away. They pick it up slowly and silently, but work it steadily, and ere they have gone a quarter of a mile there is a burst of music, and the big buck bounds across a ride, fortunately just where we are able to get to the heads of the tufters and stop them once more. He had lain down, you see, directly he got into thick covert, and let the hounds run almost over his back, so that they might carry on the chase of his younger brothers and leave him in selfish security, but his manœuvres are pretty well understood, and he is checkmated by superior cunning.

The pack is quickly sent for, and the hounds uncoupled a short distance away, so as to get steadied down and well in hand before being laid on. Very quietly the huntsman brings them up, and drawing them across the line they catch it with such a burst of music as will be heard in no other country for five or six weeks yet. Through the plantation and into the open they force him, but the vast sea of fern, as high in some places as our horses' withers, checks them a good deal. And it is as well for us that it is so, for what with one tangled growth or another the going is very blind. These obstacles, however, affect the pursued as well as the pursuer, and before long the chase emerges on to the open moor. The breeze is very welcome, for even when clad in the thinnest of canvas breeches, a straw hat, and no waistcoat—how different from our usual hunting kit!—the heat is very great in the shade of the woods. Over the open heather pace improves, and as mile after mile is left behind us we are glad to be mounted on a steed that has had steady exercise daily since the time that the rest of our stud was relegated to the loose box or paddock. Those who are not have long ago had to take a pull and trot sedately after us in the hope of hearing the cry well enough to be able to turn up at the end. Now we sink the hill and come to the banks of a river, very familiar to us of late, in our summer hunts. The pack drives down it as if it were a road, for summer condition, after fifty minutes of severe work, has told upon the buck, and he is not far in front of us, as we see by the way the hounds drive and work. Now they are away again over the heather as the buck, refreshed by his bath, faces the open moor for a last struggle for life. No! he cannot stand it; in a quarter of a mile there is a short turn back to the river, which

he is too beaten to leave. It is deeper here, and some of the hounds swim the line while those on the bank hit it here and there as the deer crossed a shallow or touched the bank. Pretty it is to see an old hound dash in from the bank and swim to where an alder bough hangs so low on to the water that he thinks the deer must have touched it. Ay, he is right, too, as his deep note proclaims when he reaches the spot, and he too joins the band of swimmers.

Tally-ho! there he is at last, standing neck-deep in the pool under the bank, with head erect, and the water running off his horns in sparkling dew-drops. The hounds wind him, and all but have him as he dashes through them into a long deep reach, down which he can yet hold his own swimming, with the whole pack straining through the water in his wake, every hound throwing his tongue for dear life. A pretty scene, and a novel one, to those who are making their first essay in this form of sport. Ere long some of the hounds have landed and galloped ahead of the gallant buck, and, plunging in, surround him. There is a wild struggle, and more than one hound is plunged under water. But the odds are too great; the proud head has been submerged more than once, and the fleet limbs are still. When one of the field plunges in waist-deep to act as retriever—a treat in this broiling weather—it is but a dun corpse that he drags to land, which needs not the huntsman's knife to put an end to its troubles and terrors.

Under this sun we have all had enough in such a run as this. So we pace slowly home, to get into cool flannels, and while indolently spending the afternoon looking on at a local cricket match, we muse on the good fortune which has enabled us to see, under such unfamiliar surroundings, a day's hunting as good, perchance, as any which will fall to our lot when the so-called legitimate season commences, and are thankful that even in this crowded England there is left a region where, independent of season or farmers, we may enjoy sport whenever it suits us to seek recreation with the cry of the pack and the note of the horn.

GERALD LASCELLES.

ZOLA AS AN EVOLUTIONIST.

TO attempt in the short space of a review article a general sketch of the work of any writer of romance would always be an impertinence, much more so when the object of the sketch is Zola, the man of his time who has evolved in his books the greatest number of original ideas; the man who has combined in the highest degree the elements of saturation and radiation.

No personages are to a greater degree than Zola's creations the outcome of the organic forces, climate, temperature, and soil; that is, of surroundings and heredity. No personages, either, excel those of Zola in offering to organic forces the opposition of their own personal intellectual and emotional energies; man receiving and man giving—namely, human vibration—which answers in direct proportion to the calls made upon it.

Such is the particular side of Zola's work which, to our mind, leads him straight to Evolution, Darwinism, Spencerism. This is the feature of Zola's literary temperament, leading him on to scientific conclusions which we will make the basis of these few pages.

"The Paradoun till then had only been visited by the sun; the love of Serge and Albine first infused life into the Paradoun!" (*La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret.*)

Further on:—

"The birds, the trees, the very frogs paid homage to the lovers. This was their kingdom—the Eden where they reigned supreme!"

Here we have a myth beautifully depicting in a very few words the processes of organic fecundation merging into life. Flowers, atmosphere, the natural calling of all forces to each other have here culminated in the love of the two children of Eden united in the Paradoun. The desert has in return received from them by radiation the gift of life. Thus is the parable complete. No less complete than the blending together of all the essences, psychical as well as physiological. In fact, biology

applied instead of theoretic. If, in the effort of finding out, as Descartes says, "where a thought is lodged in its author," I ask myself, What is in reality Zola's own intellectual climate and temperature? I am at once struck by the very complexity of the scientific atmosphere in which our author lives—an ambient complexity of atmosphere so very oppressive that we cannot help feeling the results of it in his books.

Though a man may differ in his own private thoughts from the general psychical atmosphere of his time, his genius or talent will seldom fail to be coherent with the period in which it has developed. No one could imagine Dr. Johnson at the Court of Charles II., or Voltaire in the same salons as the Bishop of Meaux. Returning to our apparently sweeping proposition above expressed, that our present period in France is, scientifically speaking, one of great complexity, we may illustrate this by the fact that one of the leading men of the day in French physiology, Dr. Charles Richet, is at the same time the leader of all psychical researches in the same country. What such a double power of brain says for the man who possesses it, we are not called upon to consider here. Dr. Charles Richet,* though the youngest of illustrious French scientists, is as well known to the English public and as highly thought of in England as in France. The object of our remark here is simply that a time when the same mind can on the one hand lead other minds to the precise conclusions of the "Anatomical Table," and on the other hand simultaneously lead these minds, and others to boot, into the realm of psychical speculations; that a time when powers so diverse can lead to such diversely successful efforts towards knowledge, is necessarily to be termed a complex period Now, the pressure of the double psychical and physiological current is nowhere more felt in France than in the literary fiction of the day. Thus we can well say that, if 1789 was the epoch of lawyers, 1889 is the period of doctors, scientists, and biologists. Hence the medical psychology of Bourget, the scientific physiology of Maupassant, the psychical physiology of Zola.

This first point conceded, namely, that Zola is a physiologist above all because he submits without rebellion to the pressure of his time and surroundings, we will proceed to add the following: From physiology to chemistry, that is, from the study of man's organs to the study of his fluids, of the way in which these organic fluids combine with the

* Dr. Charles Richet is Professor of Physiology at the École de Médecine. He has organised in France the first serious scientific researches and inquiries on the subject of psychology.

atmospheric fluids; from the theory of the dissipation of energy in man to sheer naturalism, and from sheer naturalism to mythology, there is but the distance measured by Zola's power of imagination.

Mythologist, have we said? Yes, mythologist through the pressure of physiology and biology, and evolutionist through the latent unconscious Spencerism which fills the atmosphere of these days. Mythologist by the enforcement on his personages by Zola of those penalties, after the defeat of will and the triumph of the lower "self," which pagan antiquity reserved for its victims.

Earth with Zola—the earth earthy—is so far the foe of all that is elevated, the cause of all failure, that not only in *La Terre*, but in numbers of other instances, we see the "soil" and its fluids play the part of the vanquisher, and wreck the higher promptings of the soul.

"Zeppyrin hésitait encore mais de chaudes bouffées de terre d'automne fraîchement remuée le grisèrent, il s'enhardit," &c., &c. (*Une Page d'Amour.*) Further: "Elle avait son visage dur de femme jalouse, car la mort venait, la terre montait à elle pour la reprendre." (*Une Page d'Amour.*)

This idea of sending the man in whom the divine element is blurred back to the lower elements; this idea, curiously enough, in its outer mythological "allure" has merged into the "pulvere reverteris" of Catholic orthodoxy—an orthodoxy to which "earth," the "soil," is death, corruption, the very reverse of Cybele, the fecund deity of the Greeks. Above ideas stand habits, customs, for customs order the doings of man, whilst ideas only inspire them. Physiology has now entered the French mode of thought. She keeps as close company with all the writers of our day as philosophy with those of the eighteenth century. High pressure and overwork have forced physiology down from the exalted position in which formerly she was only to be approached by the initiated; and though I will not venture to affirm that all writers of fiction in France read Huxley, I can safely say that they all discuss him, and are well acquainted with the substance of his teachings. The close contact brought about in our time owing to nervous exhaustion and hard work between writers and doctors has been the origin of all the contagion of physiology among laymen—among novel-writers above all. If we once concede the force of the evidence of the dominance of physiology in modern literature, we concede also the pre-eminence of the laws of atavism in the same, the very basis of Zola's work. Balzac, in fiction, had invoked atavism long before Zola—no need to discuss that—but Balzac had

introduced atavism as a means conducive to the interest of his stories. He never used atavism like the scientific biologist, as a demonstration of truths which till the present day belonged *only* to science. Balzac was a novelist—the greatest creative genius of his day—but not a scientist.

Balzac would create a Madame Marneffe, and provided that Madame Marneffe stood the test of the events which she had to go through, provided she was sufficiently supple and grasping, Balzac and his reader were satisfied. Who in those days would care to ascertain the temperature of Madame Marneffe's blood, or whether she was nervous, or "nervo-sanguine," &c.? But now we are the servants of science—of physiology above all. Atavism is in itself no novelty; the Greek drama lived on it, and Shakespeare as well; the only novelty lies in the way in which atavism is handled by our author; in the application to creations of the imagination of the facts of experimental physiology; in fact, in the tracing out, with the help of physiology, of the origin of creatures of fiction in the same way as Michelet would apply the science to the study of a great figure in history. To accuse Zola of being immoral because the effort of will in such creatures as Nana or Lautier is inferior to the power of the appetites, is as unjust, relatively, as it would be to accuse Michelet of partiality when he shows the assassination of Henri IV. as a result of Marie de Medicis' lymphatic sensualism. Whether fiction or history, truth is truth, and if the development of atavism is the basis of the study of a human character, this delineation of character must be faithful to the promptings shown by physiology as the determining motives of the character under consideration.

Still, to be a physiologist or a biologist, as Zola shows himself in many of his writings, in no way implies that he is also a "materialist" (a word now rather meaningless, as "Positivism" is now the key-note of scientific philosophy). In France, the "materialist," if there be any, should evidently be as indifferent to the evolutions of man's soul (whatsoever they were) as to natural phenomena of any kind. Moral hurricanes, or cyclones, should not have the power of stirring the true materialist to anger; as the very fact of his being a sincere "materialist" would as its first result make him satisfied with all nature's solutions, and render him averse to any possible amelioration of an existing state of things entirely satisfactory to his understanding. Now, Zola's handling of his characters is so far from betraying indifference that his anger at their frailty and weakness amounts to hatred, and he never treats of their misdemeanours but in scorn and wrath.

Real, thorough Materialism is, therefore, as rare at the present time in France as genuine Atheism. The true materialists were the men of forty years ago—Brocat, Crousseau, Davesne, all of them, more or less, pupils of Cabanis and Condillac, who were in turn, philosophically speaking, grandsons of Locke! And even these were sensualists, not materialists proper; they adhered to the doctrines of "sensation" in Locke and Condillac, which are, in fact, dead and exploded systems since Darwin's appearance: for Darwinism teaches "evolution," that is, immortal movement and "life" persistent, whilst, on the other hand, the theory of mere sensation leads to death, to death coincident with the extinction of the body.

All modern science in France endorses Littré's proposition: "Life properly so-called escapes all man's efforts at classification or researches, it cannot be reduced to any chemical or physical laws!" and Littré is a *positivist*, for the day is gone when Descartes could affirm that the "soul" lay hidden under "the ninth lobe of the brain," as the day is also gone when it could be asserted that "life" is matter, and matter alone!

"Forces," the combinations of "forces" intellectual, consciential, psychical, and physiological, these are the pillars on which now rests the theoretic philosophy of French scientists. Above all, in questions which pass from physics into metaphysics the present generation is eclectic and decidedly opposed to all dogmatising. Scientifically speaking, we have tried to show that Zola is no materialist; it remains for us to try and sketch his *procédés* in the field of morals. If in relation to science Zola keeps pace with the age and with his surroundings by his treatment of the duality in man, we may well say that in regard to morals Zola goes back to very simple divisions and to very old devices. So old in reality as not to differ much from those of the twelfth century. The Dragon and St. Michael at war together within the same being, this was the mediæval conception of man, it is also at times that of Zola.

St. Michael killing the Dragon when the personage is Angélique (*Le Rêve*) or Albine (*La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret*); the Dragon devouring the soul when the personage is Lautier, Nana, or others of the same weakened nature. Symbolism and allegory underlie many of Zola's works; especially is this the case in *La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret*, where the symbol of Paradise is not the only basis of the theme, but where a secondary personage, a figure "*à côté*," "Désirée Mouret," is a most eloquent symbol of moral nullity. Désirée is the living demonstration in Zola's *Abbe Mouret* that brain-life even to our realistic master is really "life" *par*

excellence. Beautiful, healthy, with every physical gift in exquisite proportion, Désirée Mouret, the Abbé's sister, is a psychical nullity. No thought stirs her soul, her mind is torpid. She is a very statue of Condillac.* Zola has not described Désirée as in active opposition to intellect, but as simply, naturally *null* in her mind and will, and therefore through that very nullity assimilated to the inferior creature who courts her, and associates with her, feeling her to be very nearly akin to himself. The mere fact of her nullity makes Désirée no more than a statue to all irrational beings. Birds perch upon her, animals brush up against her; she is the type of "form," and of "form" only.

The philosophical scheme of Zola in his general work (admitting that he is conscious of having such a scheme) is worked out rather by his personages than theorised on by himself. The objection to this has been its unreality. Our vices, it has been objected, are not the sole guides of our conduct, and to depict human nature from its evil aspects only, is not to represent it fairly. The answer is that Zola depicts what appeals to his particular genius, and that this genius is neither that of Berguin nor that of Florian, two writers most estimable certainly, but one-sided, who tied themselves as fast to the description of good and virtuous feelings as Zola to the opposite. Genius applies itself to its particular calling; no one finds fault with Rosa Bonheur for choosing animals rather than historical subjects. Why then blame Zola for the view he takes of humanity? He paints what he sees, and provided the picture be living and talented we should say with Voltaire, "There are no bad books; there are only books badly conceived and badly expressed, and also bad readers." Novels and romances are not copies of real life, but rather translations—interpretations of life. To interpret a life for the public benefit is to draw from it its proper meaning. To write a novel or a play is to set forth the meaning of a character in one or at most two of its phases, phases which in the novel must necessarily be successive, for the sake of the reader's comprehension, whilst in life they would be simultaneous. The novel can only depict the human heart as the painter depicts the human form in one of its phases at a time. The painter decides upon a *trois quart* or profile, and, once fixed upon, this *trois quart*, or this profile, will go down to posterity as a portrait, whilst instead of being properly a portrait of the

* Condillac's "théorie de la sensation" is demonstrated by his illustration of the "Statue," where, taking an automatic figure, he shows how moral life and thought penetrate it progressively by means of the senses.

whole person, it is but a likeness of one side of his appearance. Novels are the same; they can only convey fragmentary aspects of the human soul; therefore the novelist must choose, and though his talent may lead him to mingle corruption and innocence as exquisitely as l'Abbé Prèvolt in *Manon Lescault*, this art will ever force him, like Balzac, to portray a certain type of woman under the name of Madame Marneffe, and another type under the name of Eugénie Grandet. The least educated and cultivated beings are the least complex. In the scale of humanity a peasant is necessarily less complex than a city workman, and a city workman less complex than a thinker, and so on. Hence Zola's taste for taking his types so frequently from the people as they are simpler and less disguised than their superiors. As to the question of strict morality in literary fiction, it is difficult for this not to become a question of relativeness, as otherwise what would become of all the classics? Paganism is not an answer, for Paganism had its stoics and its mystics—Marcus Aurelius, Plato, and others; just as Christianity has its sensualists, its epicures!

The first care of a book writer is, therefore, the literary and philosophical excellence of his book. The writer is the "baker," his business is the quality of the bread, not the results of digestion. Provided that the bread be nutritious and the book suggestive and true; in fact, of a kind to arouse and promote thought in the reader, the mission of the writer is accomplished. Heroic tales may generate heroic deeds, but the processes of the mind are diverse and incalculable; it is almost impossible to declare from the nature of the seed what will result as flower or fruit.

A thought is a shell; it may burst before reaching its aim! Hence good deeds may spring from indifferent soils; the chemical combinations in the realm of psychology, from which spring actions good or bad, are far too intricate and too personal to the beings themselves ever to be laid to the responsibility of any author. Thoughts may turn to good whose first origins were just the reverse, and *vice versâ*. It is, therefore, moral and worthy to sow good seed; but it is unjust to charge one or two writers of genius with the laxity of morals which exists in their time. Besides, of perversity there is no trace to be found in Zola's work, though the same work is undeniably interspersed with very grossly naturalistic details.

To return to the tendencies of Zola to symbolism, which are so very evident in some of his books, and which lead him to deep poetical feeling, no passage is more eloquent in this respect than Chapter XIII.

in *La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret*. A more perfect combination of modern colour and archaism than the landscape of the Edenic garden of "Paradoun" has never been produced. Something in the landscape is very much like the work of Turner's brush, modified by a touch of Gustave Moreau, and peopled with figures drawn by Burne Jones. Nowhere, perhaps, in all Zola's work does Love the "God" play such a divine part as in the Paradoun, spreading his rays of life on dead nature all around him, whilst nature in turn bends in humble obeisance before him! Love, it will be said, is not the only subject for the novelist! Certainly not; and Zola, above all others, takes that view, since ambition, cupidity, revenge are portrayed in his different works.

No, love is not the only passion, certainly, with which the novelist has to deal, but it is the passion of all others which finds most favour amongst readers, for it is the one passion above all that has power of life and death!

To write truly upon this subject it is of first importance to analyse love, relegating to the animal side of nature what belongs to it, but never forgetting that love, like death and like life, escapes all man's curiosity, and that its origin and its end are alike hid from his inquisitive eye. Its birth is divine, its death enveloped in mystery! According to these laws it is well for Zola to paint such beings as Albine and Angélique—but they only present Humanity under one aspect, and he deals with all aspects. Besides, Zola's supreme merit is to show the evolution of passions, to impersonate rather than to discuss them.

And although our author has not the highly-strung perception of the pathos of love which Loti possesses, he has a greater diversity of gifts than any of his contemporaries. Poetry, science, the knowledge of all characteristics, and thoroughness in whatever he touches, are his, and so much his own, that to find one equally gifted we could cite Tolstoi alone.

To return, in closing these remarks, to their original subject—evolution, we would say that Tolstoi, Ibsen, and Zola have been the missionaries of the doctrines of Darwin and Spencer, applying the theory of Evolution throughout their books under the form of Atavism or Heredity. Zola does not hint, like Tolstoi, at the question of psychical evolution. Zola keeps to the physiological side of heredity. He watches the working of the germ in the being, its growth, expansion, decay, and re-birth; in fact, Zola keeps fast to the law of life and its eternal transmutability, a doctrine entirely modern and in every way antagonistic and opposed to the teachings of the eighteenth century.

One of the best examples of the re-birth of force springing from decay, is given by Angélique in *Le Rêve*. The mother is as perverted in her mind as she is corrupt in her person—perversion and corruption neutralising each other. A lily rises from the mire, and Angélique is the fresh plant of a thoroughly exhausted stem. She is life springing out of death, sunshine arising in darkness.

Ibsen's conclusions are the more desperate ; Tolstoi's conclusions the more cruel ; Zola's conclusions the more brutal. Immoral, philosophically speaking, they are not. For the *Kreuzer Sonate*, *Nana*, *L'Assommoir*, or *Ghosts* are none of them the apology, but the dire and bitter condemnation of vice. The philosophical side of a book, however, belongs but to the few ; the majority do not rise above the story. When the story is horror-striking or revolting the reader turns away, going no farther. But what then? Is the naturalism of the writer too forcible, or is the reader not strong enough to bear the truth ?

" L'homme est un composé de matière et d'esprit. Il ignore la matière, il ignore l'esprit, il ignore le bien qui réunit la matière avec l'esprit ! et c'est là tout l'homme ! " (Pascal.)

Why not then with Voltaire lay the fault at the door of the "bad reader"? but the reader departs scatheless ; the writer remains to bear the burden. Writers of Zola's power survive the shock ; this is their revenge !

YETTA BLAZE DE BURY.

SCENES FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

*The Comte de Lally to Lord Sheffield.**

May 25th, 1792.

I AM writing, my dear Lord, in deep grief on account of the murder of the hapless Theobald Dillon, my relative and my friend; who has been literally cut to pieces by an enraged populace and a worthless soldiery on the return of the first expedition which marked this accursed war.

M. du Mouriez, our Foreign Minister in name, our dictator in fact, deserves all the worst tortures which have ever been suffered by traitors.

In spite of repeated letters from our three generals, who one and all warned him that nothing was ready, neither tents, waggons, surgeons, bakers, nor recruits, he obstinately persisted not only in declaring war and taking the offensive, but in ordering the generals to enter the enemy's country, ready or not ready, weak or strong, on receipt of his despatches.

M. de Biron was directed to throw himself upon Mons; M. d'Ini Korner on some other fortress, while Namur, the most difficult point of attack, was allotted to M. de Lafayette, whom our Minister wished to ruin.

M. du Mouriez impudently assured everybody that the country was in our hands, that the French had only to show themselves, and both Austrian soldiers and townsfolk would fall on their necks and mount the National cockade.

On the 28th ult., Theobald Dillon, the chief of the staff, received orders from M. de Biron to advance on Tournay with his little army of

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* On his exile from France the Comte de Lally became the guest of Lord and Lady Sheffield in England. It is a pathetic fact worthy of record that Lady Sheffield met her death from a cold caught while ministering to the comfort of one of the refugees who was lying ill in Bethlehem Hospital.

five thousand men. Setting out from Lille at 10 p.m., he marched at ease till two o'clock in the morning, when he halted his men for breakfast. Then he continued his march and entered the enemy's country. A few handsful of Austrians who held some advanced posts retired before him in succession, and put heart into our men by their retreat. But as they were making a second halt, and while their horses were unbitted to eat their corn, the Austrians suddenly appeared on the heights to the number of about ten thousand, and a battery of ten guns was unmasked.

As we had only six pieces, Theobald Dillon judged it necessary to retire. The movement had scarcely commenced when an unaccountable panic seized the whole army. The infantry, throwing away arms, haversacks, baggage, fled by twenty different routes. The cavalry rode headlong over the whole mass of the infantry. The generals made vain efforts to rally their men: Colonel de Pully, of the Cuirassiers, Pauline's father, was twice hurled into the ditch as he tried to throw himself in the way of the troopers and arrest their flight. He managed to rally a dozen men, and by degrees about fifty, with whom he arrived in good order at Lille. He got in at two o'clock, but so fast had the army fled that it had arrived at nine!

The Austrians did not pursue us a hundred yards. We lost an immense number of men, but less than forty fell to the enemy's fire; the rest killed each other in their flight—the greater part being trodden to death by the cavalry. This same rascally cavalry re-entered the town shouting "treason" to cover their shame. The Jacobins instantly denounced poor Dillon as a traitor, and the infuriated populace threw themselves upon him and hacked him to pieces. His aide-de-camp, Chaumont, a talented officer and a man of distinguished merit, shared his fate, while six Tyrolese prisoners were hanged by these wretches.

These details are trustworthy, for I read them in a letter from Pauline's brave father, who commanded the Cuirassiers, to his brother. His son, who is only sixteen, distinguished himself greatly. He saw an Austrian about to run one of his Chasseurs through the body, rushed at him, toppled him over with two balls in the chest, and gave the horse of the dead man to the Chasseur whom he had saved.

The father rushed hither and thither among the fugitives trying to rally the men, and he had the satisfaction of finding his son keeping his troop in hand as well as he could, and weeping tears of rage at the sight of their cowardice.

These little incidents are by the way, but you will not be bored by reading what is of such interest to the pretty, amiable Pauline, who fell ill on the first rumour of the fight. Her father's letter, which was closed on Monday last, contained a postscript in these words: "As I write they are beating the 'générale'; our men are paralysed with fear; the Austrians are said to be marching on Lille; everyone has lost his head." We received the news of this first check the day before yesterday. Yesterday we learnt that M. de Biron, who had previously made a descent on Sinevain, had been attacked on the march to Mons, abandoned by part of his army, and obliged to re-enter Valenciennes, hotly pursued.

There remains M. de Lafayette, who was last heard of at Givet, destitute of every necessary; he had not even tents, and had been obliged to requisition horses and carts from all the country round. He should be at present about thirty marches from Namur. A courier has been sent from here to stop the attack. It is hoped that he will be in time.

The Jacobins desired the success of MM. Rochambeau, Lukner, and Biron, and the defeat of M. de Lafayette. An officer who arrived here yesterday had seen a letter in M. du Mouriez' own handwriting to one of the chief men in Rochambeau's army. The Minister said in so many words, "We cannot trust Lafayette; we must ruin him, and give his command to Biron." The National Assembly is thunderstruck; respectable people are flying; a petition is being got up for presentation to the Assembly, praying the suppression of the Jacobin Club. There are twenty-four thousand signatures to it already. My cousin, Arthur Dillon, went to the Assembly yesterday to demand justice and vengeance for the murder of Theobald. He had just come from trying to comfort a sister, who it was thought would go mad with grief. Three or four years ago she lost her only son, whom she worshipped.

The accounts from the seat of war become each day more distressing. The flight from Mons was even more humiliating than that from Tournay. A handful of Austrians put our whole army to flight. Every one began to shout, "We are betrayed! *Sauve qui peut;* we have been led to the slaughter!"

M. de Biron, who was the last to re-enter Valenciennes, was assailed on all sides with the same threats as poor Dillon, and narrowly escaped the same fate. M. de Rochambeau, who was already annoyed that his whole plan for a defensive war had been upset by the Council, was furious when he saw all the disastrous undertakings, the plans of

which had been carefully concealed from him. Orders had been sent direct to M. Biron, without being communicated to the Commander-in-Chief of the whole army. Perhaps this is the first instance on record of such a step being taken. M. Rochambeau at once sent in his resignation, which was accepted the day before yesterday (Wednesday). M. Biron has written indignantly to complain that he was misled by the representations of Du Mouriez that he had only to show himself and the whole country would declare for us, whereas he could not even find a guide, and not a single Austrian deserted to him. Yesterday (Thursday), a courier came from M. de Lafayette to report that his army had received the counter-order just in time to escape being surrounded. M. de Grâvis, the Minister of War, is in a state of abject despair. M. du Mouriez, who was at first thunderstruck, recovered all his impudence and extravagance yesterday, and cajoled the Council into resolving to carry on the offensive campaign.

There is no great excitement among the people. To cool their indignation and to divide public opinion, a "Full Account of the Capture of Mons" is being hawked at the gate of the Palais Royal. A forged letter was despatched to the Mayor of Paris the day before yesterday, to announce this victory. He hastened to proclaim the news to the municipality, and was well laughed at for his pains, for it is characteristic of this depraved nation that one half of it rejoices over national disasters, and the safety of France, which should be the first consideration, is altogether left out of sight.

Adieu, my dear Lord; I embrace you with all my heart.

June 21st, 1792.

For some days past violent excitement, evidently the outcome of a plot, has betokened that the factions are meditating a stroke. Terror has produced the fury of despair among the Jacobins. The expulsion of their three favourite Ministers; the letter of the wretch Roland—nothing less than an incitement to regicide—which was sent to all the provinces; that of M. de Lafayette, which was accorded an importance which unfortunately it did not possess; the declared intention of the King to refuse his assent to two decrees—the one in regard to the deputation of priests, the other authorising the formation of a camp for twenty thousand men;—the resignation of M. du Mouriez, all combined to bring the Throne and Republicanism face to face, and to provoke a collision.

On my arrival from St. Germain on Monday last I alighted at the Tuileries, and mingled with the knots of people. M. de Lafayette's letter had just been read to the Assembly. I heard from one, "He is mad"; from another, "He is a traitor; he is marching on us with his army"; and under my breath, I said, "Pray God, he may"; a third affirmed that he was setting out for Coblentz. Women cried, "He has betrayed our cause." Men answered, "He has adopted the tone of a dictator." The majority, however, pretended to believe that the letter was a forgery, and were for discovering the author and treating him as he deserved. Then they passed on to the King, and I heard them call this single-hearted, humane Prince a rogue, a thief, and a murderer. I had to think of you to prevent myself speechifying in my turn. I cannot repeat the ribaldry which was spewed forth on all sides against the Queen—insults which grew to threats. A new executive power must be created, said they; a terrible example must be made of the man who had been rehabilitated by the goodwill of the nation, and had so shamefully abused that goodwill. Wednesday was named as the decisive day when the Faubourg St. Antoine and the Faubourg St. Marcel meant to settle accounts with "that man" and "that woman."

Such was the state of affairs on Monday evening when, in the midst of these alarming symptoms, two myrmidons of M. de Lafayette took upon themselves to emasculate his letter, which they feared was too strong. On Tuesday the situation was further aggravated. The King hastily vetoed the two decrees in order that the people might next day find themselves face to face with an accomplished fact. Thereupon part of the battalion of St. Marceau went to their commander, St. Prix the actor, and desired him to lead them next day, when they meant to support the citizens of St. Antoine, who were going to march with their arms, their cannon, and their Santerre to present a petition to the King and one to the National Assembly. St. Prix answered that he would not go unless he were ordered, that the law forbade armed gatherings, that he would wrap the flags round him and sleep on the top of the cannon, and would remain so until they shot him.

A solemn dinner was held at an inn called the "Jardin Royal." The principal guests were Condot, Brissot, and Gensonné, the three popular Ministers; three hundred places were laid in all, and in addition the *sans-culottes* received bread, meat, wine, money, and their orders for the next day.

The guests went from the dinner to the sitting of the Assembly. A

secretary was reading a letter written to the Legislature by the Marseillaise army, of which the following are a few choice phrases: "The Southerners are in arms for Liberty. The day of the people's wrath is come. The people are tired of defending themselves; they mean to strike—to use popular force! No quarter! Give us authority to march on the capital. The people mean to complete the work of the Revolution. Say! can you stop them?"

Shouts of approval—frantic applause—vain protests from the Right; and then a resolution was carried which expressed approval of the letter, and ordered it to be printed and circulated in the eighty-three departments. The Right took a barren revenge by loudly counter-cheering a wise and firm proclamation of the Directory of the Departments, in which they warned the citizens of the design of the factions to institute new plots, and enjoined the Mayor, the municipality, and the commandant without delay to take every possible precaution to stop unlawful assemblies, and to dispose their armed force as might seem best to restrain and repress the disturbers of the public repose. Yesterday morning, Wednesday, June 20th, this proclamation was posted everywhere, but the knave Péthion and the fool Romainvilliers took no trouble to carry it into effect. The Directory was laughed at, and the two Faubourgs set out.

The Assembly commenced its sitting with a pantomime ballet—I mean that the women and young men and maidens of St. Denis, in groups of bloom and beauty, were invited to honour the sitting with their presence—or, in the words of the proposer, came to dance before the legislators. After them came the Directory of the Departments.

Roediros, compelled to put his voice to good use, announced in the name of his colleagues—looking the while like the devil in a vessel of holy water—that the law had been broken, and the constituted authorities defied; that armed men were collected at that very moment, and were marching on the Assembly and the Castle, intent on supporting their petition by force of arms.

The Directory demanded that the law should be upheld, and that the Assembly should not admit the rebel citizens to its presence. In the course of the debate Vergniaud exclaimed that it was an insult to the people to suspect them of evil intent; that although the law, it was true, forbade the wearing of arms within the sacred precincts of the Legislature, yet the Assembly, no doubt for very good reasons, had so often ignored this law that it might very well ignore it on this occasion. The

Police Commissioners reported that they could not control the people who had collected in arms on the Boulevard de l'Hôpital; a letter arrived from Santerre to say that the inhabitants of the Faubourgs had met to celebrate the anniversary of the oath of the Tennis Court, and they demanded to be allowed to file through the Assembly. M. Ramond asked that they should be required to deposit their arms at the gate before entering. The President announced that the gathering only consisted of eight thousand men, and that they demanded to be allowed to enter. M. Calvert moved that the sitting should be suspended. M. Ramond insisted on disarmament. The question that the people be allowed to enter was put. At this juncture a doorkeeper withdrew the bar, and the mob rushed in amid the protests of the members. The doorkeeper explained that he understood that the motion had been carried. It was put in the presence of the petitioners, and permission to enter given after they were inside.

"The people are ripe for revenge," said an orator, "and if the King sets himself against the Constitution, he is nought." The procession through the Chamber lasted from eleven o'clock till half-past four—men, women, medical students, with faces blackened with soot to render them more hideous—some drunk, some half-naked—armed with pikes, pitchforks, sickles, spits, earthenware crocks, clubs, threats, and the jargon of the guillotine—with shreds of bloody cloth and breeches for banners.

Except the groups of National Guards who were dispersed among them, they had no firearms, but their fifes, their drums, their songs, their cries, their oaths, mingling with the continuous applause of the Assembly and the galleries, provided music worthy of the scene, and of this theatre of hell.

As a finish M. Santerre offered a banner to the Assembly in the name of the united Faubourgs. The Assembly accepted it, and the President invited these "gentlemen" to respect the law in their amusements!

So much for the Assembly. Let us pass on to the Castle. At eleven o'clock the King ordered the troops to be drawn up at the Tuileries; at half-past twelve some one on behalf of the King ordered M. de Champouetz to have the gates opened. He did not know the bearer of the supposed order, but no suspicion of its genuineness crossed his mind, and he had the gates opened between one and two o'clock. When I crossed the Place Louis XV. on my way to see Chevalier de Coigny and M. de Beauveau, and saw very few people on the square,

the drawbridge occupied by a strong detachment of National Guards with loaded cannon, and a battalion of the White Corps drawn up near the statue, I flattered myself that peace was secure; when I returned along the quay I saw the gate opposite the Pont Royal open and a mob of people entering. I alighted from my carriage and rushed into the crowd, never doubting that there were among them many good and true men prepared to throw themselves into the Castle to defend the person of the King if it were threatened. My hope was justified. I was told that the King had begged all those who were with him to withdraw, as he did not wish, so he said, that the scene of February 28th should be re-enacted. I asked how many the King's adherents numbered. The reply was six or seven hundred—the bandits numbered forty thousand! After I entered the garden, however, all thought of danger was dispelled, for a triple rank of National Guards, the two rearmost with fixed bayonets, lined the terrace from the Pont Royal gate to that opposite St. Roch. The bandits filed by peaceably enough, a few groups only stopping from time to time under the windows of the Royal apartments to flourish their weapons and shout "A bas véto!" "Vive la nation!" Three-quarters of those present looked on it as a fair, and had come simply to amuse themselves. I heard one man, who was carrying a most formidable weapon—a man whose honest face was in singular contrast to his savage costume—say, as he looked at the closed windows of the King's apartments, "Why doesn't he show himself? What is he afraid of, poor dear man? We don't want to do him any harm."

I heard this benevolent opinion repeated in the crowd, but another man replied in these words: "Why does he trust six men rather than seven hundred and forty-five? He has had a veto given him, and he does not know how to use it."

An enormous machine, made in imitation of the Tables of the Law of Moses, on which the declaration of the rights of man was written in letters of gold, was the sacred relic of the procession.

By the side of women who carried swords and spits one saw men carrying olive branches. Red caps were there by the thousand, while on every musket and pike hung a scroll, on which was emblazoned

"The Constitution or Death."

So each one carried his sentence over his head.

At last, after wandering about from two o'clock to four, and having seen nothing except a few ruffians here and there who were scarcely of

sufficient importance to cause alarm, and a mass of men in a disgusting and ridiculous procession, I was able to go and dine at the Luxembourg, promising myself that I would return to the Castle in the evening, but merely out of curiosity, and without any of the apprehensions which had led me there in the morning. I was dining with one of the respectable members of the Assembly, who agreed with me in thinking that the events of the day were at an end, when we were warned that the picked men of the Faubourg had turned the position at the Tuileries, had appeared on the Carrouzel side, and had forced the gate and the Castle.

I ran to the Tuileries, and found the following state of affairs.

All was quiet on the garden side, but on the side of the court the municipal officers had ordered twenty-three National Guards —splendid troops, who could alone have held back the whole mass of the people—to let those whom these "gentlemen" called the "petitioners" pass. Then all the infuriated ruffians had rushed to the Castle, had seized a park of cannon from the National Guard, and had turned them against the Castle along with one which they had themselves brought with them. The National Guard, who had been set down as untrustworthy, behaved in the manner anticipated. They were loth to fire, and besides, as they had received no warrant from a magistrate nor order from their commander, they were reduced to the condition of spectators.

The Grenadiers wept with rage over their muskets which they had loaded, but dared not fire; the others were indifferent and hand-in-glove more or less with the rascals. When they arrived at the gate a cry arose from all sides, "Break it down—break it down!" The first blow was struck by a Jacobin National Guard. A Grenadier stopped him striking a second by exclaiming, "You blackguard! You are disgracing the uniform you wear." A cannon, dismounted from its carriage, was dragged by main force into the guard-room. The King, who had been watching the proceedings from his valet, Septeul's, room, on hearing the redoubled blows on the gate of the Ruil de Bœuf, tore himself away from the Queen, and advancing towards the door with Marshal de Mouchy, said, "I am going to join my four Grenadiers." A Grenadier leapt to his side; "I would follow you to hell!" he cried. The order was given to open the gate, and the gate was opened. A bayonet thrust, aimed at the gate to break it down, narrowly missed the King. A Grenadier parried it; that good fellow, Aclague, threw himself

in front of the King, crying, "Respect your master! You shall only reach him over my body." Another Grenadier said to the National Guard who had struck the first blow at the door, and who as he entered opened his mouth to curse the King, "Cry 'Vive le Roi,' you scoundrel!" —and the scoundrel promptly cried "Vive le Roi!" the cry being forced from him by surprise and confusion. Marshal de Mouchy, Aclague, and the four Grenadiers dragged the King into the third recess, where he could not be surrounded. There he got upon a chair, and asked the people what they wanted. At last a maniac named Legendre came forward, and from the middle of a band of assassins presented a red cap to the King. Another offered him wine. He took the cap: he drank. Legendre forced the cap onto his head. In the midst of this horrible occurrence I entered the Tuileries.

The middle barrier was shut; a deputation from the Assembly was with the King, and several deputies had come on their own account. Damas had hastened to tell the Assembly that the King was in the greatest danger, insulted, threatened, and unable either to make himself heard or to give orders. "I saw him degraded beneath a red woollen cap." A storm of voices retorted, "Well! what of that!" M. Thimot demanded that those who had insulted the people should be called to order. Isnard and Vergniaud cried in the Royal apartments, "Respect your constitutional King—trust yourselves to the National Assembly." The people shouted in the ears of the King, "Vive la nation!" and the King repeated the cry, but when they demanded the revocation of his veto, and the recall of the dismissed Ministers, he appealed to the Constitution, protested his unalterable respect for it, but repeatedly declared that nothing should prevent his using the power which had been entrusted to him for the good of the nation. The deputation came to him to suggest that he should pass in the midst of them into a room where the crowd was less great. He went with them, and from that time the danger lessened. Every half-hour a fresh deputation arrived to relieve guard. I myself saw four enter. Péthion came to gloat over his triumph. In answer to the applause in the court, he told the scoundrels "that he had only done his duty"! that he had a grateful sense of their friendship.

On arriving near the King he made a speech, and begged the unhappy Prince to fear nothing, and to be calm.

"Calm!" the King retorted. "I am calm. When the conscience is clear, no man need be afraid." And taking the hand of a Grenadier,

he placed it on his heart, and said, "Friend, feel if it beats faster than usual, and tell him whether I am calm."

This sentence produced a wonderful effect; the brigands were struck by it, and the Assembly thundered applause when it was reported to them by the second deputation, with whom came Santerre, whose protection they had been obliged to invoke. The crowd then began to disperse.

But the whole story is not told yet. When the King advanced to have the gates opened, Madame Elizabeth alone of all the family went with him, and she remained the whole time in the first recess, showing less signs of fear, perhaps, in her angel-face than any of the others, for at that moment she looked on the King as a martyr. The tigers were tamed in spite of themselves by the sight of her, and their fury was a little abated before they reached the King. As for the Queen, seven or eight people, among whom was the Vicomte de Menteil, had surrounded her; and, in spite of her cries, had kept her in the Council Chamber. A table was drawn across the room, the National Guards formed a horse-shoe from the ends of the table to the two doors, and the Queen was on the other side of the table with her ladies and some servants. She missed her son from her side, and asked for him. A lady of the bed-chamber rushed up, crying that the Dauphin had been carried off. The Queen fell in a faint, but someone brought her son to her, together with the man who had protected him. "Madame," said he, "here is the man to whom you owe the safety of your son." The Queen threw herself at the feet of this man.

As the brigands defiled past the Council Chamber, they threw a red cap to the Dauphin, and demanded that he should be put upon the table with the cap on his head. He remained there for an hour, till he got quite accustomed to the sight, and ended by playing with his red cap.

Some were softened by the dignified demeanour preserved by the Queen; others remained insensible to it. On the one hand there were shouts of "Vive la Reine," on the other the most filthy insults. The deputies of the Assembly rallied to her side, struck with respect, and touched in spite of themselves.

At last, at half-past nine, the crowd entirely dispersed, the King returned to his apartments, and the Queen, rushing to him, threw herself at his knees, and he folded her, sobbing, in his arms. This morning all Paris is in consternation—the Assembly overwhelmed with shame—the National Guard with remorse and anger.

The King has ordered a justice of the peace to come to him to take account of the marks of violence and of the thefts committed in the Castle. Furniture and locks were stolen from the rooms, seventy-five muskets from one detachment of the National Guards, and forty-two from another.

The Department began an inquiry last night; twenty witnesses have deposed that a certain big negro from the household of the Duc d'Orléans, named Catalan, was at the head of those who pointed the cannon against the Castle. M. Péthion, and another municipal officer, were hustled and struck in the court this morning by the National Guard and the people.

The King wrote an extremely wise and courageous letter to the Assembly, with which I will close my long story :—

"The National Assembly is already aware of the events of yesterday. Paris is, no doubt, to-day in consternation, and France will not learn the story without grief. I leave it to the wisdom of the Assembly to maintain the Constitution, and to protect the personal liberty of the hereditary representative of the people."

I forgot to tell you that I went to the Assembly yesterday evening to hear Péthion's report. Its audacity and stupidity were beyond words. He is bold enough to commit crimes, but has not the wit to make excuses for them.

He said to the brigands in the Royal apartments: "Brothers and sisters, fellow citizens, let the day end with the same dignity with which it began. You have amply vindicated the majestic name of Liberty. Follow my example, and go to bed."

To-morrow's sitting should be interesting, but I shall not hear about it in time to send you an account.

The Comte de Lally to the Princesse d'Henin.

July 16th, 1792.

The day, my dear Princess, which gave cause for so much anxiety to me on the King's behalf, and caused you alarm for your friends as well as for him, has ended. It has ended, not only without mishap, but even with a signal triumph for the King.

If you read the accounts you will see what folly, what tyranny, were employed to reinstate the Mayor the day before yesterday. Placards were posted the night before which bade citizens and good people not

to leave the Champs de Mars the next day without avenging the bloodshed of the 17th of March last year, and every horrible weapon which a savage imagination could invent was displayed in the shops. I set out with your nephew, the good Lametier, and a friend of his, determined to get through to the École Militaire, and take part in the King's defence if he should be attacked. It was eight o'clock in the morning. Two years ago at that time the Champs de Mars had been thronged for four hours. Imagine our astonishment when we found a desert—a vast, dry, sandy plain, which resembled a lake from which the water had found an outlet and entirely disappeared. Eighty-three little tents were arranged in a circle on mounds of sand, and before each tent was planted a poplar; so small and so frail, however, were these latter, that every breath of air bade fair to uproot them, and they could scarcely withstand the fluttering of the tricolour banneret which was affixed to each. You will guess that these represented the eighty-three Departments, but since the Departments are out of favour, I wonder they did not plant four thousand poplars to represent the four thousand municipalities. In the middle four canvas curtains, painted grey, were spread over heaps of earth, a grim decoration for a fair-day, for they were meant to represent the tombs of those who had died, are dying, or are doomed to die on the frontier. On one side they bore the inscription, "Tyrants—tremble! We will avenge them!" It made me somewhat wroth to compare the fatuous prodigality with which millions of victims are sent to expiate the sins of the Government with this absurd niggardliness which looks to console their *manes* with theatre-scenery. The Altar of the Fatherland was the same insignificant erection that you saw—a broken column on the top of the innumerable steps which were erected in 1790. On the four little altars, at the corners, perfumes were burnt. Two hundred yards behind the altar there stood a great tree, called the Tree of Feudalism, from the branches of which were hung escutcheons, helmets, and blue ribbons intertwined with chains, and this tree rose from the midst of a funeral pile on which were heaped indiscriminately crowns, coronets, cardinals' hats, the keys of St. Peter, ermine cloaks, doctors' caps, titles of nobility, and lawyers' brief-bags. Among the crowns was that of the French throne; among the escutcheons that of France, and those of Provence, Artois, and Condé It was contemplated to request the King to set fire to the pile. A figure of Law, and another of Liberty were placed on wheels, by means of which these godheads could be moved about. A large tent on the right was reserved for the National Assembly and the King, another on the

left for the Administration of Paris. They were raised so high above the others as to constitute a grave infraction of the constitutional equality! Finally, fifty pieces of cannon lined the plain on the river sides. I do not think I have forgotten anything except the red cap which crowned the trees, and you who know the place can very well imagine its appearance. The whole of the vast enclosure was deserted but for a few wandering sightseers who scarcely seemed possessed with curiosity, far less with enthusiasm. We were told that the people were at the Bastille watching sixty Members of the Assembly lay the foundation stone of the column which is to be erected on the ruins of the famous castle. We hastened to present ourselves at the École Militaire and gained admission without difficulty. We entered the rooms, which were all open, except that reserved for the King and his family. We saw arrive at short intervals Chevalier de Coigny, M. du Chatelet, D'Assonville de Grillon, &c. No Marshal of France appeared, for the evening before the Minister of War had written to them all to invite them in the name of the Municipality to figure in the procession, intimating that the Marshals of France were expected to carry the Oriflamme, and that they were to put in an appearance at six in the morning on the Place de la Bastille! Imagine your uncle Beauveau getting up at six in the morning to carry a flag all through the streets of Paris in such a masquerade! They all refused, as you may guess, and consequently were condemned not to show themselves during the day—which was good news to M. de Beauveau! It was announced that the oath would be taken at noon. Hearing that the King would arrive about eleven, we placed ourselves at the side of the court. The cortège was most imposing. First came a detachment of Cavalry, then one of Infantry of the Line; to these succeeded pages and a great number of grooms. There were three carriages. In the first were M. de Poix, M. de St. Priest, &c. In the second were the Queen's ladies. In the third sat the King and all his family and Madame Lamballe. Five hundred volunteers of the National Grenadiers escorted the carriages, and the Ministers walked alongside the door of that in which the King rode. Four companies of Swiss Grenadiers brought up the rear. Trumpets, drums, and a general salvo of artillery announced the King's arrival. He passed close to us as we stood at the top of the staircase. He displayed the calm fortitude born of a good conscience. The Queen preserved all that dignity which she never loses, but one could read in her face the traces of suffering which

her courage strove to hide. Madame Elizabeth had, as ever, the expression of an angel. The Princess Royal showed touching sadness, while the Dauphin was fair as the god of love. They returned the salutes of those who made obeisance with kindness. We were told that they meant to shut themselves into their room, and we retired to the other side. Meanwhile one of the troops had passed under the middle portico of the École Militaire, and had been drawn up in line of battle on the Champs de Mars, while another occupied the approaches on the Boulevard side. I was talking to M. de Choiseul, when we were agreeably interrupted in our conversation by a cry of "Long live the King!" We ran to the window. The Champs de Mars was beginning to fill. A large group of well-dressed people were assembled on the balcony, and the King had just shown himself with his family. The cry was prolonged, and evidently came from the heart.

Someone brought news that the Leaguers would not arrive before three or four o'clock. They had assembled at six o'clock at the Faubourg St. Antoine, but the National Assembly had waited till nine o'clock before it had appointed the sixty members who were to lay the first stone of the famous column, and they thought it a slight matter, perhaps a capital joke, to keep the King waiting three mortal hours. Well for him they were at least peaceful ones, and even brought their compensation. I was told that the doors of the Royal apartment were open, and that people were going in. Here I will tell you a little story, which will prove interesting to my friends, and, in my opinion, to others too, for it will show them the excellent temper which animates the Grenadiers of the National Volunteers. They thronged the ante-chamber, and scarcely had I entered when one of them recognised me seized me in his arms, and told my name to his neighbour, who did the same thing, and twenty came in succession and embraced me with a kind of transport. One of them said to me, "I am one of the Grenadiers who stuck to the King on the 20th of June." Another, "I slept in his room. He was very calm all day, but during the night I cannot describe how restless his sleep was, what agitation he showed, and how he tossed about." Another made his way through the crowd, and said, "M. de Lally ought to know Cassat." It was Cassat who, on the 20th of June, had seized the scoundrel by the neck who asked, "Where the King was that he might kill him"; and had said to him, "There is your King, you blackguard! down on your knees, and cry 'Vive le Roi!'" and the assassin had obeyed.

You may guess how I pressed him in my arms. Then I was surrounded by the whole band, who said to me, "Ah, if we had only believed what you told us! Write again. A third letter to Burke. You have taught us a lesson. We have laid to heart your watchword in the second, 'Liberty, Royalty, tranquillity,' and that law is ours." All this lasted some time. I need not repeat to you what I said, for you can guess. They reminded me of the departure of M. Neckar, my warning to the Communes, my speech at the Town Hall. They quoted whole passages from my writings. It was a consolation to find that I had done much more good than I thought, and I rejoiced above all to learn the spirit with which they were animated. "Have no fear for the King," said they, "we will cut them all to ribbons in his defence. He is such a noble man." The King showed himself, and was greeted with shouts of "Long live the King!" "Long live the Queen!" with applause, and an universal rattling of weapons. The Queen appeared with the Dauphin in the national uniform. "He has done nothing yet to deserve a Grenadier's cap," said she. "Madame," said a Grenadier, "here is one very much at his service," and the enthusiastic cheers rose again. "Go in," they cried to me, as if the King ought to speak to no one but me. Every conceivable malediction was hurled at the Factions, but they were as much attached to Liberty as to Royalty, and I saw with pain that as yet they had no suspicion of the dangers of the war. They would not even admit that a French town could be captured. They said that the Austrians had no campaign equipment, and that they would enter our country in such a disorganised condition that they would not be fit to undertake anything. At last I entered the Royal presence along with your nephew, whom I had lost and found again.

The King inclined his head to me when he saw me, then he came up, and talked to us both. I was much delighted with his words: "M. de Lally, I had been told of your most timely arrival." The Royal family were all eating dry bread, it was only with the greatest difficulty that they obtained a little soup for the Dauphin. The King said in fun to your nephew: "You have given us a better dinner than we had two years ago." The King was, as you see, calm and tranquil. Madame Elizabeth was smiling, and the Dauphin playing about. The Queen was preoccupied, the little Princess sad, and Madame Lamballe coquettish. The thunder of cannon announced that the procession was entering the Square of the Federation. The King and his family placed themselves on the balcony, which was covered with rich crimson velvet

with a gold fringe. We who were with them ranged ourselves by their side.

The procession entered the Champs de Mars by the gate of the Rue de Grenelle, defiled beneath the balcony, and made for the Altar of the Fatherland, dividing right and left. One could guess what the scene would be like from its inception. Following fifty National Grenadiers there appeared, to begin with, a group of men, women, and children armed with pikes, hatchets, clubs, while a band to match played the famous air "Ça ira." Some of this riff-raff made coarse gestures at the King, and displayed insulting placards. The cries of "Long live Péthion!" "Death or Péthion!" commenced. Do not ask me to describe to you this disgusting masquerade. The offscourings of the city, vagabonds, murderers—judging by their weapons—women, dead drunk, with wreaths of flowers—all the rascaldom of the Faubourgs, with "Long live Péthion!" chalked on their hats, were mingled with the six legions of Paris, who were disgraced by their company, having mixed up in their ranks women and *sans-culottes*, some bearing on the end of their muskets red caps, some loaves of bread, some legs of mutton. Women stopped in front of the Royal balcony and sang ribald songs; placards were displayed at the end of poles, some ruffianly, some merely stupid, like that in the middle of the drums, which bore the announcement, "These are the drums," or that with the legend, "Long live the brave men who died at the taking of the Bastille." Contempt for all decency, modesty, or sense—a medley of tongues, men, and things—such was the sum of this stately solemnity. It was noteworthy that the cries of "Long live Péthion!" ceased when the troops, especially the Grenadiers of the Legions and the regiments of the line, were marching past. The 104th Regiment followed a group of blackguards, and by way of protest stopped under the balcony while its band played, amid the applause of the spectators:

"Où peut on être mieux,
Qu'au sien de sa famille."

The 105th did the same. Until a certain section—I think that of St. Marceau—arrived one could easily perceive that the seditious cries were always started by the same voices, and by men told off for the purpose. When the brave Aclague arrived and cleared the crowd there was a few seconds' breathing space, and then, following the Tables of the Law, a little model of the Bastille, and a little machine which everyone took

to be the guillotine, but which some few maintained was a printing-press, the National Assembly arrived, and halted under the balcony to await the King.

You would like me to go on to the bitter end, but eleven o'clock has just struck. Half a loaf is better than no bread. The other half shall follow by next post. I will only add that the King was escorted back to the Tuileries amid transports of loyal enthusiasm; but I must tell you, too, that the Assembly has taken the alarm, and yesterday ordered all the troops of the line to leave Paris.

Everything is corrupted—manners and even language. The *Journal de Jacobins* talks of "a young *sans-culotte*" as one would talk of a young Levite. More extraordinary still, it talks of "an honest brigand"!

The Comte de Lally to the same.

Passy, Thursday.

I left the National Assembly, halted below the portico of the École Militaire, and the King descending to join them. Those who had assembled above were divided into two parts; the King's attendants followed him, and the remainder remained with the Queen and the Dauphin. I was among the latter.

The President of the Assembly, M. du Bayet, a worthy man, whose head was a little turned by the Revolution, received the King with a respectful demeanour, and in a proper costume. On the other side stood the Vice-President La Croix, with his hair in snake-locks and a befitting Jacobin apparel. There was a little dispute about the King's suite. M. du Bayet insisted that all who composed it should walk in front, but I saw him place an usher so that he should appear to be in attendance upon himself and not upon the King. It reminded me of the words of the Bourgeois Gentilhomme to his flunkeys, "Keep close to me, so that everyone may see that it is my livery you are wearing." A triple hedge of National Grenadiers and Swiss troops enclosed the King and the Assembly; but King, deputies, and soldiers were thronged on all sides by the crowd—there was not a bit of open space to be seen—the whole scene was one surging mob, and I was anything but easy in my mind. You may judge of the feelings of the Royal family!

At last the cavalry pressed forward and cleared the ground, and when we saw the King in a sort of green square kept by troops, we began to breathe again. As the King advanced towards the altar, the fifth legion

began to march past by sections. Up to this point the cries of "Long live Péthion" had seemed so mechanical that I believe they emanated merely from his own hirelings, for the same voices always gave the signal, and sometimes they failed for a long time to meet with any response. Now they became more spontaneous. I don't know where this rabble was collected, but their weapons, faces, oaths, and attire were one and all frightful. It is a noteworthy fact that they did themselves full justice by their incessant cries of "Long live the Blackguards!" "Long live the Brigands!" "Long live Péthion!" Band after band of scoundrels followed each other in the procession, and sang couplets addressed to the Queen of inconceivable obscenity and atrocity. They kept on crying, "A bas l'Autrichienne!" "A bas Monsieur et Madame Veto"! "Péthion or death"! When at last the re-instated Mayor arrived at the head of the Municipality the cries and blasphemy reached their height. At that moment I was almost brought to believe that Péthion had a conscience as he went by with head bent down. Embarrassed, pale, trembling, he did not dare raise his eyes to the balcony; he scarcely ventured to look on the people, who, partly for the sake of his bribes, partly under the influence of drink, were insulting the Royal family in his honour. For an instant, in spite of myself, tears rose to my eyes. The poor Queen was heedless of these insults in her anxiety for the King's safety. When she could no longer see him with her eyes, she followed his movements through a glass. She remained motionless for a whole hour, holding the Dauphin in one arm, while the other was extended to hold the telescope with the aid of which she could alone make out the King. Once she exclaimed, "He has descended two steps," and that sent a shudder through us all.

The King could not reach the top step of the altar because the crowd, and conspicuously some half-naked people, had seized the upper part. There was an alarming disturbance, when Theodore Lameth, according to some, Damas, according to others (I believe it was the first-named), had the presence of mind to cry, "Grenadiers! attention! Present arms!" and the *sans-culottes* halted and fell back on the crowd. It is said that at the moment when the oath was taken the thunder of fifty-four cannons on the river-side was added to those near the altar. The sixth legion had not marched past when the appearance of cavalry heralded the return of the King. This sixth legion proceeding at the double was cut in two by the King's escort, and almost overturned by the people who thronged into its ranks on all sides.

I forgot to tell you that the President proposed to the King that he should descend from the altar on the river-side and set fire to the Tree of Feudalism from which hung the escutcheon of France. "I have nothing to do with trees," replied the King, and returned the way by which he came.

When the Queen saw him approaching, she got up to go to him, and the whole Royal family followed her and awaited his arrival at the bottom of the staircase. The King, who had preserved his equanimity throughout, took the Queen's hand tenderly. Little Madame and the Dauphin seized their father's hands and covered them with kisses—the one weeping, the other shouting with joy.

You can form no idea of the intoxication of joy which seized all those who were in the court of the École Militaire. National Guards, troops of the line, Swiss, civilians stood in the court, at the windows, on the balconies, or climbed on to the railings, cheering and shouting, "Long live the King"; "Long live the Queen."

Hats were thrown into the air, and the horses could not make their way through on account of the people who threw themselves under their feet.

You can guess whether your nephew's flute-like tenor, or your friend's thunderous bass were spared! The Royal family were pursued with these acclamations to the entrance of the Castle of the Tuileries. The enthusiasm had increased a hundredfold when the troops, who were beside themselves with joy at having brought the King back without danger having even threatened him, had to leave the Royal carriage to cross unattended the space between the entrance of the Court Royal and that of the staircase. They seemed struck with fear that this short crossing would rob them of all their glory and all the fruit of their care, and when the gate was found too narrow for them to enter, they rushed forward in a frenzy of zeal and loyalty to form a line from the one gate to the other. Blessings on the King mingled with curses on the Jacobins. Oh, if the King had only spoken one word, given one sign! But his is the courage of endurance—the virtue of silence. Next day a decree was passed to remove the troops of the line and the Swiss Guards. A scheme was promulgated for merging the Grenadiers into the National Guard. Petitions were presented which demanded the suspension of the King and the indictment of Lafayette. One member even suggested the *trial of the whole army*, and the suggestion was warmly applauded!

"THE DRAMA IN THE ANTIPODES."

IN the face of the withering anathema launched recently by Her Majesty's representative in New South Wales against those misguided creatures who travel and also write, he must be a bold wanderer who persists in wielding his pen. His Excellency branded us all, in a fine frenzy of scorn, with the horrid sobriquet of "scribbling globe-trotters," and made a variety of contemptuous remarks which were doubtless intended to be crushing. I fear, however, that in spite of the wrath of the Earl of Jersey, the globe-trotter will continue to scribble.

The drama in the Antipodes? There is none. None, that is, sprung from the soil, of purely original mould, of native growth. Several persons in Australia, I doubt not, will be much annoyed at being told so blunt a home-truth; but it is none the less a truth. There exist various low-class theatres, where native plays are performed by native players, but both plays and players are beneath serious criticism; the level of the performance never rises beyond that of our own departed *Coburg*, and the native talent receives but scant support save from the larrikin and the order-monger.

No! As the moon gladdens our evenings with lights borrowed from the absent sun, so do the managers of Sydney and Melbourne enliven the postprandial leisure of Australians with amusements straight from London. This illustration is so sublime, and so divinely tall, that I must crave permission to trot it round once more before returning it to the stable of poetic limbo. Were the sun to cease shining the moon's face would darken; she would gladden us no more. If London were to fall a prey to Anarchists respectable Antipodean theatres would close with one accord, and seekers after evening relaxation would be compelled to content themselves with indifferent music-halls and the glittering glory of the boozing-ken. Let me hasten—in dread of viceregal thunder-bolts—to state that Australia is in nowise to blame for being as yet without a drama. It was only the other day that she took definite shape out of

protoplasm; and, having assumed the tangible form of a civilised nation, it is as fitting as natural that she should postpone the consideration of decorative furniture until her roof is securely on, and her windows neatly glazed. Speaking largely, she has not yet even a bowing acquaintance with the Muses. For the present she is practical or nothing; is in the hands of carpenters and joiners. There is no love of beauty in her breast. She probably scarce knows the meaning of the word, for when she looks in the glass she beholds but an uncomely thing. The Greeks learnt early to worship the beautiful, for everything around them was a daily object lesson. Even the Chauvinist in Victoria or New South Wales will, if honest, be compelled to admit that Australia, with the exception of one or two favoured spots, is a curiously ugly country. The Muses, as we all know, dislike the odour of new mortar, and shun a hostess who is juvenile and unkempt. They affect comfortable, well-carpeted homes, and know better than to put in an appearance till fires have been lighted, and all the linen has been aired. Experience shows us that the dramatic Muse is even more afraid of draughts and damp than are her sisters, and before closing her trunks invariably awaits a message that the kettle is on the boil.

Literature has peeped in furtively, but is by no means as yet "at home." Sundry works of fiction have appeared from time to time, the good ones amongst which may be counted upon the fingers. Mr. Rolf Boldrewood wrote one really excellent novel, *Robbery Under Arms*, but the rest of his efforts never topped the level of mediocrity. High-class comedy, or poetic playwriting, or, indeed, any writing of an ambitious kind, has not, that I am aware, been essayed at all. The single branch of literature which is strong and healthy is, as may be guessed, the Press: since the newspaper is a necessary accessory, in these days, to commerce. Necessity and favouring circumstance have made of the bantling a precocious man none the less sturdy for rapidity of growth. So admirably conducted a journal, for instance, as the *Melbourne Argus* would be a credit and an honour to any country. Fine art—pictorial, plastic, or dramatic—has no home in Australia, because neither the eye nor the ear of the Australian has been attuned to beauty.

Here it behoves the wary penman to throw up defensive earthworks against viceregal arrows. There exists, no doubt, at Melbourne, Sydney, and other great centres, a small knot of highly cultivated and intellectual men, who speak a tongue as yet not understood by the majority.

I have had the honour and pleasure of knowing most of them and of enjoying their indefatigable hospitality, and the only regret that I have regarding them is that their number should be so limited. It is obvious that in discoursing of the mental recreation of a people one must not be guided by the views or desires or aspirations of an assemblage so small that their public influence is practically *nil*. "Australian" must be understood to mean the average dweller in the land, to the exclusion of the cultured journalist or artistic *dilettante*.

Thanks to the efforts of the "small knots" in Melbourne and Sydney, the picture galleries in those cities, though they may be *caviare* to the native, are a pleasing surprise to the foreigner. The national collection of Victoria is so modest in proportion that it may be, and is, housed in a single room, but, if it contains no work of capital merit, it must be allowed that there is little rubbish on the walls. At a first glance you recognise with pleasure Long's "Esther," Watts' "Love and Death," a fine Tadema, and an excellent example of Peter Graham. When you rashly inquire whether Victoria can boast of no local brothers of the brush, you soon have cause to regret the question, for you are inducted forthwith into a Chamber of Horrors, the tutelary deity of which was apparently a portrait painter of the name of Folingsby, now gone to his account. The said departed Folingsby has admirers in Victoria, but he has much to answer for in the way of deliberate libel. Whilst enjoying an after-dinner cigar in the well ordered smoking-room of the delightful Melbourne Club, you may casually remark to your neighbour that you have been to see the gallery. "Like it?" he will civilly inquire. "Most creditable to a young country," you will reply; whereupon he will continue with polite indifference, "So I'm told. Not seen it myself. Ought to be mighty fine, for it cost a lot. But right thing, of course, to have a gallery, so no use to worry over details."

At Sydney we find a more advanced condition of things. Thanks to the devotion and unceasing labour of one individual, Mr. Montefiore, the gallery of Sydney contains a collection of works worthy of all respect as a representative series illustrating the various schools. One room is devoted to French Art (on its walls are many friends from the Salon); another to modern English work; a third to British Water-colour; and—oh, alas!—a fourth to the genius of New South Wales. A sad spectacle, this last, for among the daubs suspended there one finds but little sign of a prospective dawn of promise. There is a *passion malheureuse pour la peinture* on the part of a few New South

Welshmen—nothing more. The enthusiasts are not many; which is a comfort. Despite the fourth room we leave the gallery in cheerful mood. The works have been selected with skill and wisdom. The roll contains, among other notables, the names of Leighton, Millais, Fildes, David Cox, and David Roberts. After all, then, the Muse of Painting has not been so shy as we supposed. To set a good example she has taken handsome lodgings at Sydney. Alack! No. Mr. Montefiore has coaxed her to look in, that is all. He and his friends enjoy her visit, but Sydney cares nothing for her coming. Your inquiry as to whether fine private collections—born of honest rivalry—are not to be found in the mansions of the millionaires is met by a sly grin. "Bless your soul—what an idea!" is the reply. "The millionaires will give a fabulous price for a promising racehorse, but they don't know a picture from a tea-tray."

The millionaire, on his return from Europe, stuffs his mansion with articles that bear the stamp of costliness—*pietra dura* cabinets, mosaic tables, Barbedienne bronzes. He admires them because they look like the disbursement of shekels. Doubtless, though, to his eye a mob of healthy sheep is a prettier object than even that glittering chandelier, or that terribly expensive carpet.

Given then that no feeling for art has as yet fluttered in the Australasian bosom, how could there possibly have sprung into being a native drama or dramatists, or a school of acting? The Dramatic Muse, as we are aware, requires a deal of coaxing and petting. The Australian can get along very nicely without pictorial or plastic art, but he must be amused. Hang pictures—they are tomfoolery—a nice gay paper will serve all purposes. But we can't do without amusement, and if there is none to hand at home we can get samples from somewhere else. Let the stupid old Mother Country do the tiresome coaxing and petting; and, a satisfactory result having been attained, let her ship it across the seas.

But here arises a complication. All very young people are specially jealous of their dignity. They must not be too openly guided. The youth with two hairs in his moustache demands to be called a man, and eschews the pedagogue. It behoves the mamma in England to be careful as to the wares she sends. Australia is as good as England, if not better and submits neither to a foisting of trash nor too evident dictation. Hence there slumbers in the breast of the Antipodean a sacred feeling of *amour propre*, which, if unexpectedly roused, is apt

to be disconcerting. He will lavish undue attention on an unworthy object, and finding it out too late will treat the next comer with coldness in an attempt to regain his balance. Except on the broadest lines he is unable to discriminate. If a gay and tuneful light opera be given he will encore each separate number. If a noisy and showy burlesque company arrive he will go into raptures; but if something flagrantly bad is given, his instinct will revolt; his dignity will rise and assert itself. It is on record that when Miss Farren and the dancers and choristers of the London Gaiety left Sydney after their first visit the city became as a single lunatic. Sober citizens flung their hats into the sea, and those who should have known better rushed into the water after tokens flung by the sirens.

The Australian in search of recreation demands to be amused and not improved. Education not being his strong point, his plays must not soar too high. The style of entertainment best suited to his humour is one that will make him laugh, require the least possible amount of mental effort, and comfortably occupy the time between seven o'clock dinner and eleven o'clock bedtime. He exacts constant variety, because a play that requires no mental effort palls after a second visit. Sometimes, but very seldom, he allows himself to be pulled along by the nose, but doubtless he will exact a full and complete revenge for the humiliation afterwards. Quite unaccountably, Sarah Bernhardt's visit was a huge success. Nobody in the Australian colonies speaks French except of the most "Stratford-atte-Bow" description, and neither *Théodora* nor *Cleopatre* can be called lively. But colonial fashion declared that Sarah must be seen and adored. All the rest of the world had vowed that she was a genius, and it would never do for Australia's to be the one dissentient voice. So Australia went *en masse* and, comprehending naught of it, was bored to the bitter end. Sydney dutifully went and saw her, and sat for hours with its eyes glued to its book, rarely raising even a furtive glance in the direction of the *tragédienne*. She has related herself, in a letter descriptive of her woes, that the white glimmer of the books and the regular turn of the pages, like so many birds settling, well nigh paralysed her energies. It is a wonder so wayward a lady refrained from an *expression of opinion;* but financial success conduces to amiability. No matter. They all sat for hours and saw Sarah. Oh! For so improving an entertainment, what revenge will be theirs by-and-bye!

Now and then the Australian will consent to be stirred as well as

amused. He will sit spell-bound in the presence of a robust melodrama interpreted by Mr. Leatherlung. But no poetic drama or high-class comedy for him. Mr. Pinero in his light vein he will tolerate, will laugh at *Dandy-Dick* but yawn at *Lady Bountiful:* three-act farces are more in his line. Moreover, if there is a chance of joyous jinks in the open of a festive and unintellectual order, the theatre may go hang for him. Mr. Pinero's happiest coruscations of wit would have no chance against the Battle of the Nile in fireworks. For this reason there is no demand for matinées. On a Saturday there is sure to be a football match somewhere, and football even in the rain is more tempting than *A Pair of Spectacles* under cover.

From these various peculiarities it will be gathered that the task of a manager in the Antipodes is one of exceeding difficulty. He must change his bill frequently. A run of seven or eight weeks is fairly good; one of three months a phenomenal success. He must mount and dress his plays well, for though we care nothing for the Muses, we must consider our colonial dignity. Don't forget, please, for a moment that we are now quite as good as Mamma. That which passed muster when we lived in shanties won't do when we abide in palaces. What! Don't you know that at some of our up-country stations our dinner is served by footmen in full livery, though there may be none to admire our glory save the gregarious kangaroo on the verandah.

Now, at home managers expect a run of six months to recoup them for their outlay, and the situation would become an impossible one in the Colonies but for a little skilful dovetailing ingenuity. The firm of management which at present stands highest in public estimation at the Antipodes is that of Messrs. Brough and Boucicault, two quite young men, whose familiar names betray at once that, as the saying goes, they were brought up on sawdust and orange-peel. It occurred to these far-sighted young gentlemen that by trebling their usual run they could afford to provide adequate talent and mount their pieces handsomely. Why not have a company at Sydney and another at Melbourne, and when necessary a third at Brisbane? Thus, a Melbourne success would be repeated at Sydney and at Brisbane, and the various companies merely, like shuffled cards, change places. Messrs. Brough and Boucicault have a charming theatre (the Bijou) in the best part of Melbourne, and another at Sydney entirely under their own control, as well as the use of something less ambitious in Queensland, when required.

They have so large and complete a company that it is easily subdivided into two or three as circumstances may direct; and so deftly are the members handled that they form a sort of extensive "happy family" and apparently never quarrel. The late Paul Bedford would have laughed at this statement, for he was wont to declare that on every door leading to a stage should be inscribed the device, "Envy, Hatred, and Malice, and all Uncharitableness." Both company and management are based on the best traditions of the Bancroft and the Hare and Kendal managements. Though lavish display is rarely resorted to, the picture presented to the eye by Messrs. B. and B. is always as satisfactory as is the dramatic rendering of the plays. The first leading lady is Mrs. Brough; tall, handsome, of commanding presence, and mentally gifted withal. Then there are Messrs. Percy Lyndal and Cecil Warde, and that admirable comedian, Mr. Anson, who unfortunately finds himself too comfortable where he is to renew his London successes. These you will observe, are all English, and so are most of the lesser stars of the firmament. Yes! As there is no Australian fine art, and but a meagre show of literature, so also are there no actors, any more than there are dramatists. When I say none, I exaggerate. There is a certain little lady in this very company who is a small lump of fun, and as saucy as she is winsome. She somewhat resembles Mrs. Bancroft, with a touch of Miss Lottie Venne. The little lady is an Australian, and her name is Patty Browne.

In every theatre which I visited, most, if not all, of the players hailed from our side, certainly nearly all who displayed any ability. At the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, I witnessed the performance of a pantomime in three acts: and it was a new sensation, by the way, to meet clown and pantaloon in the dog-days. The subject was *Aladdin*. The mounting was of a homely description; but everybody, myself included, was very much amused, for, deprived of spectacular bolstering, the actors were compelled to exert themselves, and the result was some genuinely good fooling. Mr. Walton left nothing to be desired as Aladdin's mother, and was well seconded by a Mr. Shine as the magician. From England both, as was Aladdin himself in the dapper person of Miss Jenny Lee, with whom all of us have wept as Jo. The mention of that clever little artiste reminds me of a circumstance which I still think surprising. At the end of an act she sang, and with great spirit too, a topical song with the stirring refrain of "A Free and United Australia!" and tried, as in England, to induce the gallery boys to take

up the chorus. Every journal, at the time, was rabid on the subject of "Australia for the Australians," and to believe the newspapers, there was not a soul in the land but would fight for liberty till death, and drive Old Mamma into the sea. Vainly Miss Lee exerted all her blandishments. Parterre and gallery remained apathetically silent, caring nothing at all, as it appeared, about Freedom or Union, and displaying no inclination to be rude to Old Mamma. In like manner, no notice was taken of allusions to Mr. Booth's scheme of emigration. In vain Aladdin's mother winked her archest wink as she asked if *honest mechanics* might be admitted, to the exclusion of *criminals*. Not an individual cared. I suppose the professional politicians of the stump order are expected to earn their wages, and hammer questions into shape that deal with such knotty problems.

The *mise-en-scène* was primitive, and the effects were of patriarchal hoariness; although this was the grand pantomimic effort of the year, given at a fashionable playhouse. Beyond a few paper lanterns there was little to suggest a Chinese subject. So that people all wore cheap figured cottons, the form or epoch of a garment being left to individual caprice. Miss Lee, as the hero, donned the pink tights and tinsel fringes of the female acrobat, or fairy prince. The Princess Badroulbadour wore something curiously like a modern ball gown. The Emperor and some of his lords were in some measure Chinese-y, in that they had pigtails and the long limp moustaches we are accustomed to see on tea-chests. As for the other characters, so far as local colour went, they might just as well have posed for furious Franks or fiery Huns, or even for the simple Laplander. The ballet was a symphony in blue and white. The back cloth imitated a willow-pattern plate, and in front of this dancers disported themselves, clad in short blue-and-white Pompadour dresses and white horsehair wigs! Instead of a transformation scene we were favoured with a panorama of the Niebelungen Lied, with Siegfried and Brunhilde and all the rest of them. And yet, in spite of the crudeness of the production and the unnecessary amount of ignorance displayed, the pantomime pleased the public. The eye of neither squatter nor larrikin is likely to be vexed by unlucky choice of colour, incongruity of costume, or scenic anachronism. The audience wanted to laugh, and it laughed, and then strolled homewards satisfied. At the luxurious Princess's Theatre at this time the Gilbert-Sullivan opera of *Iolanthe* was enjoying a good run. It was tolerably well interpreted by a second-rate English company; and, proving sufficiently

light and showy, pleased. Everybody applauded frantically, and, as usual, encored each number.

When we come to consider the Australian playhouse as a building, it behoves us to hide our heads; for the practical colonist has discerned some of the time-honoured blunders of our old system, and has remedied them. What a curious mixture he is of extreme roughness and sybaritism! Just as none of the magnificent mailships are good enough to come up to his moneyed cravings for luxury, so in his theatres he taboos our Old World discomfort. At the Princess's or at the Bijou at Melbourne, smart citizens neither immure themselves in a stuffy box like a dungeon nor congregate close to the smell of the footlights and din of the orchestra. The fashionable part of the house is, as it should be, the dress circle—large, roomy, and well-furnished—to which access is gained by a separate entrance from the street. Having paid your five shillings at the office, you ascend a wide flight of white marble stairs; enter a spacious *foyer*, like a drawing-room, where damsels will, if you choose, disembarrass you of wraps; gaze, unflurried, at a variety of framed photographs and nick-nacks, and then leisurely make your way through a heavily curtained central archway into the auditorium, where you find a horseshoe of luxurious seats commanding the best view of the stage, with a wide passage-way all round. Having paid at the door, you are free to take any empty seat which has no reserve card on it. Should you have reserved your place you will easily find it for yourself, or, if you be too lazy or too stupid, one of the neat-handed Phyllises afore-mentioned will speedily point it out. There are no fees and no demon *ouvreuses*. Owing to the arrangement of central archway, curtains, and *foyer* beyond, there are no draughts. From every seat there is an equally full and commodious view of the scene, uncut by columns, unvexed by buttresses. You have no direct contact with spectators occupying cheaper places. Should the house by chance catch fire you would stroll quietly out through the *foyer* and calmly down the marble flight into the road without any prospect of being stampeded, or thumped, or even elbowed. The parterre consists entirely of pit—well appointed, and in no way resembling the grimy hard-benched receptacles for savages which are provided in English theatres. Above this comes the dress-circle already described, and, above this again, a spacious and airy gallery. The absence of upper boxes gives an appearance of "space to let" which—it occurs to you—might, with advantage, be utilised; but in this surmise you are mistaken; the houses are so deep that accommo-

dation is ample. At the Princess's, Melbourne, a charmingly appointed house with sliding roof and cascades of water and cool ferneries, Mr. Toole played recently to £300 houses without raised prices, and this particular theatre conveys no impression of unusual magnitude.

Mr. George Rignold—an excellent actor too long absent from the London boards—boasts proudly in his advertisements that he is the proprietor of the "premier theatre of Australia," to wit Her Majesty's at Sydney. It is undoubtedly a model playhouse, whose only rival (that I know of) is Mr. Wilson Barrett's Theatre, at Leeds. Both are exactly of the right size, large enough for any spectacular effects, and yet many sizes smaller than the monster mausoleum of dramatic art that encumbers Drury Lane. In both you admire the same elegant and graceful lines of circle and gallery; in both you feel a sense of air and breathing space, and yet seem in unusually close contact with the stage. Mr. Rignold's theatre, however, beats Mr. Barrett's, in that it is supplied with the advantages of the Australian system—the dignified *foyer* and circle, the freedom from draughts, the sense of security from accidents. It is sad to chronicle that the stage of this beautiful playhouse is devoted, save when stars are present, to low-class transpontine work of no higher level than that which obtains in Whitechapel. The bulk of the artistes appear to be "native talent," and it is fair to add that the native audience (when I happened to be present) left them severely alone. The luxurious lounges were conspicuous for emptiness. Meanwhile the bustling Criterion hard by was doing a roaring trade, playing to full houses. Why? Because the Australian audiences have learnt to know that the Brough and Boucicault companies always do their best without attempting to teach; that they endeavour to keep in touch with the exigencies of the moment as regards novelty of a not too intellectual kind; that the management is aware that for the present it cannot afford to lead; that it would be fatal to attempt to educate; and that until the Australian finally discards his long clothes and learns his primer, a portion of his diet must be pap.

LEWIS WINGFIELD.

A MUTTON BIRD ISLAND.

VERY few travellers care to linger in the Bass Straits, which separate Australia from Tasmania. This piece of water has an unenviable notoriety as one of the stormiest of channels. Many is the passenger who has had his pride humbled by sea-sickness here who had escaped the dread malady in the long ocean voyage from England. In point of fact, the Straits act as a sort of funnel for the winds: here they hold high revel when the neighbouring shores a little distance inland are unaffected. At the eastern end of this funnel there is a group of islands which indicate to the geographer the palpable connection, in no very distant geological past, between the two adjoining lands. From Wilson's Promontory, in Victoria, to Cape Portland, in Tasmania, the summits of submerged highlands exist in great numbers, decorated with three lighthouses to guide vessels through one of the most dangerous of regions. The winds howl over these islands, and the tides swirl and eddy round countless rocks until they meet with a counter current, and form in one spot a dreaded space called by local mariners the "Pot Boil."

Yet these storm-swept, desolate-looking islands are full of interest. Towards the northern extremity of Flinders Island the tourist would come upon a strange scene in a land where he expects to discover no ruins. Close to the shore there are the remains of a long row of stone huts, fronted by a half-dismantled chapel; and at a short distance away the foundations of two larger buildings with an old graveyard in the vicinity. This is all that is left of one of the last homes of the original Tasmanian race. Continual murders and collisions between the white settlers and the natives induced the authorities to concoct a plan for capturing all the aboriginals that were left in order to place them under supervision. The first scheme suggested still excites merriment among colonial folks. It was nothing less than to form a line of men to walk through the bush and so to drive the natives before them. You might as well have attempted to catch mice in this manner in a field of corn.

When the beaters came to the sea shore they had captured, so it is reported, one little child of two years old. The next attempt met with complete success. A remarkable personage named Robinson volunteered to go and persuade the natives to come in. He was entirely successful; and persons are still living who have told me they remember the day when the inhabitants of Hobart went out with a band of music to welcome the departing race, the old lords of the soil.

Poor people! No one can view those ruined huts and the graveyard on Flinders without a pathetic interest. The Government acted for the best. Some such course of action was doubtless needful. The only alternative was a speedy and a murderous extinction. They located them in a most fertile spot, in an island swarming with kangaroos and wallabys; with lagoons whose surfaces are covered with ducks and swans, whilst the waters teem with fish; and on little islands off these shores the mutton birds breed in such countless numbers that it is the central object of this article to set forth this wonder of the world, which will be of interest to the naturalist at least. But in spite of all that the Government could do, the some seventy natives or so who were brought here did not prosper. It is reported that no child was ever born to them on Flinders Island. They dwindled away, and the graveyard grew larger every year, until at length the few remaining blacks were carried away to the southern shores of Tasmania. The race is now extinct. I am inclined to believe that we must seek for the failure of the scheme in the conditions of their new life. A row of stone huts, a commandant, and a regular form of living were too much for people who had wandered for generations through their native bush, building no permanent dwellings and wearing little clothing. But the half-caste descendants of this race show no signs of dying out. They can show as stalwart specimens of humanity as anyone would wish to see. They are the progeny of sealers and mariners and black women in the first place, and have now become a fairly large community in the Furneaux Islands, for such is the name by which these isles in the Straits are known. As boatmen, especially in their own waters, I suppose they would be unsurpassed all the world over. In spite of furious currents and submerged rocks there is no case on record of the death of a half-caste in the course of navigation. In boats built by themselves they put fearlessly out to sea in all weathers, sometimes with ropes tied up with grass; and in one case a half-caste sailed to the Tamar, some eighty miles off, with a jib-sheet a yard long tied securely down.

Episcopal duties called me to these islands in the month of March. I came too late to see the sixty dark-skinned children in their school. The entire township indeed had betaken itself elsewhere. It was strange to see every house closed, and left without guardians of any kind. Out of a population numbering in all about one hundred and ten, there was not a single living person left on Barren Island, except the schoolmaster and his family, and the Bishop. But it was not difficult to find the objects of my search. They were congregated on little islets a few miles off preparing for their annual harvest, not of corn but of mutton birds. And what are mutton birds? The name is a grievous misnomer. They are among the most graceful and innocent of God's winged creation. Passengers in ocean steamers in these latitudes cannot fail to have seen clouds of dusky sea birds, larger than a pigeon, soaring and wheeling with immense rapidity and without any apparent effort. Their beautiful wings and general appearance will have pointed them out as belonging to the family of petrels. The mutton bird is really the sooty petrel (*nectris brevicandus*). I presume that it obtained its common vulgar name in these parts from whalers, who thought more of gastronomy than of aerial flight and beauty of motion. These graceful birds congregate at the breeding season upon small islets consisting of soft sandy spots, from two hundred to one thousand two hundred acres in extent. The surface of these places is covered with a long grass growing as high as the waist, and with a shrub called barilla, bearing a blue flower. I had heard much of their habits, but the reality far surpassed all my expectations. They arrive in September, coming in at night and remaining ten days or so in order to dig holes some two or three feet deep. They effect this with their feet, scattering the sand behind them in clouds. They then disappear for four or five weeks, and are not seen at all in the neighbourhood. In the middle of November they commence laying their eggs. Only one egg is laid by the female: and it is doubtful whether if this one is destroyed another takes its place. The little islands are covered with holes in every suitable place, and at the time of my visit there were hundreds of thousands of young birds in these underground nests: yet not a petrel was visible all day long. A stranger might have imagined that there were no living occupants of the islet, except an occasional Pacific gull soaring lazily over the shore, or a shag or two perched upon the rocks. During a fortnight's cruise in these waters, I never once met with a petrel in the day time anywhere. The old birds come in to feed their young after the

sun has set: during the day they wing their flight to spots thirty, forty, and fifty miles away. I cannot account for this, except upon the supposition that they have cleared the surrounding seas of their proper food, which consists not so much of fish as of minute mollusks and small ocean organisms. At dusk I made my way with considerable difficulty on to the rookery, as it is termed, toiling over the ground which was literally honeycombed with holes. Not a sound was to be heard except the rustling of the wind in the grass, not the faintest indication was given of the wonderful spectacle that I was about to behold. The sun was setting, leaving a broad belt of crimson on the western horizon: the shades of night were drawing in, and soon the surrounding sea became invisible from where I stood, except as a mysterious distance. Still no signs of bird life. Suddenly a dark winged form flitted noiselessly across the island and vanished in the dark. Then in another ten seconds, without any warning cry or sound of any kind, thousands upon thousands of birds seemed to spring like magic out of the surrounding darkness from every quarter. And now the whole air seemed alive with moving forms, shooting with lightning rapidity before my confused sight. Look which way I might they leapt into view in dozens, in twenties, wheeling for a second or two, and then plunging with unerring instinct into their holes in the long grass and in the darkness. Still no articulate sound was heard; nothing but the whistle as if of bullet after bullet through the air, bewildering one with the sense of numbers and of mysterious rushing life. It was this silent, voiceless approach of birds which gave a peculiar weirdness to the scene. There was no clamour of gulls, or wail of curlews, and yet the air was full of the rush of living birds. Repeatedly a petrel would dash within a foot of my head, and then wheel like lightning to one side to escape a collision. So imminent seemed the danger of arriving at home minus an ear or the nose that I was fain to crouch down in the long grass to escape an accident. The minutes passed, and still this dizzy, whirling charge of dark birds continued, silent, and even awe-inspiring. It was difficult to tear oneself away from the scene. At length I returned to my tent pitched by the shore, but yet among the bushes: and all night long as I lay trying to sleep, I heard the cooing and cackling of innumerable birds as they fed their young in their subterranean homes, some of them apparently within a yard of my ear, and actually beneath the spot where I was lying. The nightly return of the petrel was striking enough, but it is paralleled by as wonderful a

departure in the early morning. At six a.m. I was awake, but ere I issued from my tent not a bird was to be seen upon the island. It almost seemed as if the experience of the previous evening had been but a dream. Again the only living creatures appeared to be the shags and Pacific gulls. The fairies had come and gone with the darkness: was it true that they had been there at all? The sooty petrel with its long pinions is unable to fly off the ground, especially out of the long grass. However far from the shore their holes may be, they have to walk to the water's edge, or else to the top of some projecting rock before they can expand their wings and soar away from their breeding places. Accounts are given of the way in which the old inhabitants of these islands took advantage of this habit to destroy tens of thousands of full grown birds. They noted the runs used by the petrels and stopped them all up but one, which led to a deep pit. Then they drove the birds through the bushes till they fell in masses upon each other and were suffocated. This most barbarous practice has entirely ceased for many years. I was too late on that morning to witness the departure of the birds. I now proceed to give some idea of the numbers of petrels on these little islands. I am not aware that any attempt has ever been made to count the myriads of puffins, guillemots, and kittiwakes which inhabit some of the well-known breeding places on the coasts of England: but I offer this attempt of mine to get statistics of bird life, as a humble contribution to their natural history. It may be as well, however, to prepare the reader for some very astonishing figures by quoting the observations of old authorities. Mr. Davies, writing in 1846 in the *Tasmanian Journal of Science*, says, "that on Green Island" (one of this group) "night was ushered in a good ten minutes before the usual time, so dense was the mass of these birds." And again, "I have actually sailed through them from Flinders Island to the Heads of the Tamar, a distance of eighty miles." Flinders himself, after whom the island is named, calculates that he passed through a flock which must have been forty miles long.

On Sunday morning, a few days after witnessing the sight I have described, having concluded morning service, which had been attended by all the half-castes on the island (and their dogs), I collected the heads of the families and inquired how many young birds they had collected and salted in 1890. I may say in passing that they catch the young petrels in the holes when nearly full grown and salt them in barrels. As soon as their necks are wrung, a gland in the stomach is pressed, and oil

exudes from the mouth, which is caught and sold for use in machinery and for burning in their lamps. The salted birds find a ready market at 10s. a hundred. How these birds taste, I do not know ; but the young petrel in a fresh state, when boiled or fried, is most delicious eating.

Twenty-one families on this island of 1,200 acres caught and salted in 1890, 204,000 young mutton birds. On my asking whether they took them all, they answered that it was impossible to do that. At least half that number escaped, for the sea was covered with young birds, when at length they left their holes. Let us consider then that 304,000 was the number of the young birds, making no allowance for birds eaten by snakes or dying in other ways. To each pair of petrels there is but one egg. Therefore at the lowest computation, neglecting barren pairs, there must have been 608,000 old birds on the island. But this is not all. The twenty-one families live entirely on these young birds during their season, and from six to ten birds a day is an ordinary allowance for a man. Each family also has several kangaroo dogs, which are all supported upon the same diet. In the two months of their stay, these families and their dogs ate 26,000 young birds. And lastly, the parents of these young ones, so eaten, amounted to 52,000. We are then well within the mark when we compute that on any evening in February there were on this island alone 990,000 petrels. A little, barren, treeless hummock in these Straits produced £1,020 in cash ; and the only labour needed was to go and reap the harvest, leaving the islet severely alone for the rest of the year. On four little islands within twenty miles of each other I computed by the same process that there were 2,600,000 petrels, and for those who are willing to note one more interesting statistical fact, I will add that one family captured 27,000 young birds on forty acres of sand. There must then have been at least 40,000 holes occupied by birds on these acres, besides numberless empty ones, making the locality not very attractive for a nocturnal ramble. The ground is so soft that one sinks at every step, unless the greatest care is taken. There is another inhabitant of these islands, about which it is not pleasant to write. One day we flew before a gale to Chappell Island, and arrived outside a boat harbour at dusk. The channel bristled with rocks, and there was every prospect of an anxious night hanging on to our anchor with masses of rocks on our lee. The darkness came on ; at length a dinghy appeared with a couple of half-castes. "Can we go in?" we shouted. "Go in!" they said. "Why, of course." And it was wonderful what an accession of confidence came to our crew, as we saw

one of these hardy fellows take the tiller whilst the other crouched in the bows. In another minute we glided away and rushed past rocks on every hand, turning here and there, but perfectly safe with these wonderful sailors, until we were safe in smooth water. The first sight that greeted us in the morning was a large fat snake, five feet long, hanging on a pole. "I killed that one yesterday," said my companion, "as he was coming into my chimney-place." We noted also that no one was ever seen without a gun or a stick. The reason soon became plain. This island swarmed with snakes, all of them of a deadly character. The half-castes make short work of a bite. They lay the injured finger down and chop it off with a tomahawk. There is no time for hesitation.

One day a half-caste told me that he and his family threw into a heap the snakes they killed in the course of their work in two months, and they amounted in all to six hundred. The mutton bird industry is, therefore, safeguarded in a sense. Few would care to spend two entire months of every year in putting their arms into holes in such an infested place, except those who have become callous to danger from long habit. "In my young days," said one half-caste to me, "I could take a thousand birds out in a day," nor do they often pull out a snake in mistake for a petrel, for there are signs at the mouth of the hole by which they can detect the presence of a reptile. But the young people are more careless, and I saw a girl there who pulled two snakes out by mistake in one day. A thousand birds taken in a day by the parent, and skinned and salted by the rest of the family, would mean more than £4 earned in the twelve hours. The half-caste is not fond of work. Two months of this harvest lead him to spend some eight more in careless idleness, lying on the beach and smoking his pipe. In their soft climate, and remembering their native blood, I may be pardoned if I confess to a feeling of wistfulness, as I thought of their life beside the restless struggle of the white man in his competitive, and often harassed existence. These are the islands where the lotus grows. We slept one night on the above snake-haunted spot, lying on the ground in a hut without a door, and located among the bushes. My companion had once almost died from a snake bite, and under the circumstances I was not surprised to hear him mutter after an hour of stillness, "I cannot stand this. I am off to the boat." There was a hurried lifting up of a bag stuffed with chaff, which acted as a mattress, and then a dim figure sped down to the beach. For myself I braved it out, thinking it ignoble to be afraid. A few hours afterwards I heard a noise between hissing and

breathing close to my ear. I jumped up with a marvellous alacrity, and struck a match in fear and trembling. But it was a no more unwelcome visitor than a tame wombat which had strolled into the hut for the sake of company.: but it must be confessed that the first streaks of dawn were never more welcome than on that morning. On sailing back to the School-house a few hours afterwards, the first greeting my companion received upon the shore was, "Oh! we killed a large black snake under your bed last night." We never took a walk without coming across the venomous reptiles. The wombats, which are so common in parts of Tasmania, are the strangest of creatures. Their tameness is wonderful. They will follow anyone like a pet dog when once domesticated; but they do not discriminate between one person and another, and all are equally loved. They are a plantigrade animal, and look very like little bears. The individual mentioned above was named "Chummie." He came with us to Hobart, and became the delight of the children. But "Chummie" became exceedingly mischievous. One night he was left in my study. In his nocturnal examination of the room, he came to what must have seemed to him to be a passage which only needed enlarging to be a most comfortable promenade. This was the space on a bookshelf behind the books. He industriously forced himself along and pushed the books on to the floor. Having succeeded in ousting the rightful owners of the place, he next turned his attention to the books themselves and began to tear off their bindings. Fortunately, he commenced upon nothing more rare than a *Cruden's Concordance*, and he was discovered ere he made any further progress. After this, in a most unselfish spirit, I asked my neighbour if he would like a very tame wombat, and "Chummie" went away to his new home. It was in my mind to recommend our Tasmanian wombats to friends in England as a delightful pet. They have their drawbacks, but so have young puppies. If you leave our little friend outside the house, it is quite likely that his great affection for the family may induce him to bite a hole through the door to get back to the society he loves so well.

There is one other visitor to the shores of these islands fit to rank in beauty with any created thing. About once in seven years a fleet of the lovely shell, which here we call the "Paper nautilus," comes sailing into the bays and creeks. A friend has described to me the scene as she watched it from the Kent's Group, as if children had sent away dozens of toy boats with their diminutive sails and they were all returning to

shore. A short while ago the lighthouse-keeper on King's Island obtained one hundred and twenty pairs of these fairy ships. Nothing can exceed the delicate hue and fragile beauty of this queen of our seas. So light are they that they do not easily break even when stranded upon the beach; their greatest enemies are the gulls, which pounce upon them for the food they seek inside. To the ornithologist there is one more object of interest among the Furneaux Islands. They are the home of the Cape Barren goose, which, so far as I know, is to be found nowhere else. They are practically never seen upon the mainland, but keep to a little portion even of these isles. Here they are plentiful, and may be seen flying over the low sandy hillocks, breeding readily even upon Goose Island, upon which one of the lighthouses is built. To those interested in the preservation of rare species of birds it is some consolation to know how difficult of access these spots are. Nothing is easier, it is true, than to be landed upon these shores; but how long the sportsman may be detained here by gales and adverse winds is a very difficult question to answer. There is something very pathetic in the story of a miner working upon a small tin mine in Flinders who had saved £12 in order to spend a holiday in Launceston. He went on board the little local steamer, and anchored the same night under an island within sight of his old quarters. Then the westerly gales commenced to blow, and there was nothing for it but to wait in patience. A whole month was passed by him on board the miserable little vessel until his bill for meals and quarters had amounted to £6, and it became a question whether he had not better return to his work. Were it not for such possibilities many a sportsman might spend a pleasant month in places where, besides kangaroos and wallabys, and swans and ducks, there are numbers of wild cattle, quite fierce enough to test the nerve, and wild pigs also. But to the naturalist the greatest charm will consist in the habits of the innocent and graceful sooty petrel. I have loved to watch the ways of birds all my life, but never have I seen anything surpassing in interest the habits of these beautiful creatures in their homes among the storm-swept Furneaux Islands.

H. H. TASMANIA.

FAILURE OR SUCCESS IN PARLIAMENT.

"THE House of Commons," Macaulay wrote, reviewing it sixty years ago, "is a place in which I would not promise success to any man. I have great doubts even about Jeffrey. It is the most peculiar audience in the world. I should say that a man's being a good writer, a good orator at the bar, a good mob-orator, or a good orator in debating clubs, was rather a reason for expecting him to fail than for expecting him to succeed in the House of Commons. A place where Walpole succeeded and Addison failed; where Dundas succeeded and Burke failed; where Peel now succeeds and where Mackintosh fails; where Erskine and Scarlett were dinner-bells; where Lawrence and Jekyll, the two wittiest men, or nearly so, of their time, were thought bores, is surely a very strange place."

A great deal has happened in the House of Commons since Macaulay was first returned to it as member for Leeds. But this description of a peculiar and, I believe, a unique characteristic, remains as precisely true to-day as it was when Macaulay, in February, 1831, was writing to his friend Whewell. This difficulty of access to the goodwill of the House is the more remarkable since, paradoxical as it may appear, it is the most indulgent of audiences. It is even abjectly eager to be pleased. It will laugh heartily at the feeble joke, whilst the upsetting of a glass of water or an inkpot by an impassioned or embarrassed orator, or the inadvertent breach of order involved in a member passing between the vision of the Speaker and the gentleman addressing the Chair, is the signal for uproarious mirth or gravely affected indignation. As for the man who echoes the sonorous utterance of his peroration by sitting down on his hat he instantly becomes a prime favourite, though he may find a dangerous rival in another member who with sweeping gesture brings his clenched fist down on the hat of an unsuspecting listener on the bench below. Mr. Willis, Q.C., sat in Parliament for some Sessions, and not ungenerously contributed to

debate, the stores of a cultured mind finding expression in forcible and occasionally eloquent language. But his Parliamentary reputation is exclusively founded on the circumstance that, delivering his maiden speech from the bench immediately behind Ministers, he thrice knocked off the hat of the Solicitor-General, who sat below him. To achieve such a *coup de main* once in a Parliamentary career would be a distinction. To do it three times, with the same hat, in a maiden speech withal, placed the learned Q.C. on the pinnacle of imperishable renown.

Reference to Mr. Willis suggests one of the peculiarities of the audience noted by Macaulay which remains an unsolved puzzle. To be "a good orator at the Bar" is still rather a reason for expecting a man to fail than to succeed in the House of Commons. This is not so strange a matter if the parallel be sought, say, at the Chancery Bar. Perhaps the most striking example of the duality of position as maintained within the House of Commons and outside it, is found in the case of an eminent barrister who, during the late Parliament, sat on the front Opposition Bench. In the Chancery Court he, by common consent, stands at the very head of his profession. His services in important cases are priced by astute solicitors at fabulous sums. In addressing the judges every syllable of his utterance is of the value of a silver coin. Being in court and interested in the case you would as soon think of declining to stoop to pick up a purse of gold as voluntarily to leave the place and so miss a quarter of an hour of his argument. He is exactly the same man when he rises in the House of Commons. He rarely speaks, and only on topics of which he is a master, and upon which his counsel and judgment would be eagerly sought and inestimably valued in chambers or in court. Yet when he rises in the House of Commons the audience, with one consent, begin to make excuse for not listening to him. They have bought a yoke of oxen and must needs go and try them with the plough on the Terrace. They have married a wife and have an appointment with her in the smoking room. They have letters to write in the library, gossip to indulge in in the lobby, everything to do but to listen to the eminent lawyer standing at the table discussing with level voice and unemotional manner a Bill or resolution involving national interests.

The phenomenon is even more strikingly marked in other cases that will occur to one familiar with the House of Commons. It may be reasonably objected that the House is not a *nisi prius* court, and does not naturally take to legal subtleties and mannerisms. But it supplies as

nearly as possible an analogy to a common jury, with the advantage to the orator addressing it of being larger in number, therefore quicker and fuller in flow of human sympathy. It might be safely surmised that a man accustomed to address a jury, and habitually to dominate it, would be certain of success in the House of Commons. That is certainly not the case, the reverse position being established as far as opportunity of trial is supplied.

On the front Opposition Bench there sits a gentleman acknowledged to be the foremost advocate of the day. When he appears in court in wig and gown an uncomfortably crammed audience sits spellbound under his forceful eloquence, and all the world listens at the door to catch the echo of his speech. Eloquent, witty, emotional, with a perfect command of his subject, and (no slight consideration in the House of Commons) a personal favourite, he never repeats on one side of Westminster Hall triumphs that used to be achieved on the other. Behind him sits another famous advocate, a potent force in the Court of Common Law, the delight of juries, full of shrewd common-sense, knowledge of affairs, and bubbling over with fun. A jaded House might well be expected to eagerly welcome any flashes of gay wisdom he chose to impart. But it has learned to expect disappointment, and possibly its indifferent attitude, sorely at variance with what the popular Q.C. is accustomed to face, reacts upon him. Measured by the average scale, his Parliamentary speeches are neither dull nor ineffective. Compared with his efforts elsewhere they are both.

It is much easier to enumerate cases where "Erskine and Scarlett are dinner-bells" than to cite instances to the contrary. One certainly does not occur in the case of the Attorney-General, whose position as a Parliamentary orator must be incomprehensible to those familiar with his well-earned reputation at the Bar. Sir Henry James more nearly skirts the barrier between failure and success. He has all the qualities that go to make the successful speaker in the House of Commons, a good presence, a pleasing voice, perfect command of language, trained debating power, and a capacity for occasionally rising to flights of eloquence, which would be more effective if not intoned as if they were excerpts from a funeral sermon. But the House does not care for Sir Henry James, at least not through more than a ten minutes' speech, whilst it delights in Sir William Harcourt.

Possibly we here come as near as may be to the secret that underlies the mystery. Sir Henry James is a successful lawyer, in actual though

carefully selected practice. Sir William Harcourt is also a barrister by profession, and malicious critics say if he only knew a little law he would be omniscient. It is probably more fair to say that in his addresses to the House of Commons, Sir William Harcourt, more successfully than any other eminent lawyer who has a seat there, succeeds in dropping wig and gown and absolutely freeing himself from that *je ne sais quoi* that clings to the lawyer when he rises in Parliament, and hopelessly militates against the success his merits claim and which they gain for him before other audiences. However it be, the fact is indisputable that Sir William Harcourt, whilst he never attained the high position at the Bar enjoyed by Sir Richard Webster, Sir Horace Davey, Sir Charles Russell, Sir Henry James, and Mr. Lockwood, far exceeds any one of them, or even their aggregate force, as a power in the House of Commons.

Since he became Solicitor-General Sir Edward Clarke has unconsciously, perhaps necessarily, developed the subtle, indescribable, and, from the House of Commons point of view, undesirable mannerism, freedom from which in his earliest speeches in the House opened the path to his splendid advancement. Lord Herschel when member for Durham discovered himself to be gifted with the priceless faculty of leaving wig and gown in the cloak room when he passed through to take part in debate in the House of Commons. Mr. Robertson, late Lord Advocate, now one of the judges on the Scottish bench, equally possessed the incommunicable secret. Mr. Asquith enjoys its possession, and finds the accompanying reward in drawing together a full House and maintaining its attention whenever he rises in debate.

Macaulay's "good mob orator" is what we to-day recognise as a successful platform speaker. Here again the transference from one situation to another, albeit many of the conditions are identical, frequently brings about a notable change in the measure of success achieved. A man who is eagerly sought after by experienced promoters of public meetings in town or country is sometimes howled at in the House of Commons, or laughed at, or, worse still, is regarded as a bore whose uprising is the irresistible signal for the emptying of benches. Mr. Ashmead Bartlett's hold upon the House of Commons is not absolutely unquestioned, whilst Lord Randolph Churchill is one of three or four most powerful and attractive speakers in the assembly. Yet I have been told upon indisputable authority that, regarded as attractions on the platform in the provinces, there is scarcely anything to choose between

the two. Mr. Willis, of whom mention was earlier made, is another aspirant of but moderate success in the House of Commons who can enthrall by the hour an audience gathered out of doors. Mr. Osborne Morgan's price current in the value list of local secretaries of Liberal associations stands immeasurably higher than that at which the House is accustomed to place it. I have heard Mr. Gladstone, who has more than once "sat under" Mr. Osborne Morgan when the latter has presided as chairman at a public meeting, speak in terms of warmest approbation of the right hon. gentleman's effectiveness of speech and of his power in raising and directing the enthusiasm of a crowded audience.

How these things come about is a curious problem Macaulay faced and left unsolved, and no one has succeeded where he was rebuffed. It adds to the puzzle of the situation to know that a member who hopelessly fails at first may, in time, overcome prejudice, and, from being regarded as an insufferable bore, may grow into the position of a prime favourite. The late Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar was such an one. When, from far below the gangway, he first loomed on the Parliamentary horizon with his ungainly figure, his harsh voice, his grotesque gestures, and his disregard for ordinary courtesies, the House angrily roared at him. But he plodded along without noticing these evidences of disinclination for further intercourse, and lived long enough to find his intervention, on whatever subject might be before the House, hailed with hearty cheering and friendly smiles. It was much the same, though of course with modification of detail, in the case of the late Sir George Campbell. It is true that to the last the House howled as if in acute physical pain when the harsh voice of the member for Kirkcaldy struck on the ear. But it was only its fun, and Sir George, mellowing amid kinder circumstances, was just beginning to come out as a humorist when his career was unhappily cut short.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson has for so long a time occupied a prominent place as a jester that his pre-eminence is taken as a matter of course. But there are many members of the present House, including the hon. baronet himself, who remember Sir Wilfrid's development as a humorist. If reference be made to his earliest speeches on the Temperance Question, the inquirer will be surprised to find an utter absence of those annotations, "laughter," "cheers," "loud laughter," which intersperse reports of his speeches to-day. He was at the outset, to tell the truth, a little dull; his speeches marked by a sobriety that seemed to become the cause he advocated. Once he accidentally made

a joke, and the House laughed. Cautiously feeling his way he introduced others, and, generously encouraged, became one of the recognised institutions of the place.

The House of Commons is endued with a sentiment akin to family affection. It will look with generous, almost affectionate, eye on anything done by a member who has formed part of itself for a certain number of years. Mr. Cunninghame Graham was just beginning to benefit by this tendency, finding in the Session of 1891 a much more favourable reception than had hitherto awaited him.

This kindly disposition has, manifestly, only limited application. It means nothing more than that, with reasonable longevity and moderate success, no man—not even Mr. Seymour Keay—need despair of eventually being treated with friendly favour by the House of Commons. It does not fathom the secret of individual success, or explain why some men who were thought sure to march straight into the front rank lag hopelessly behind, whilst others at a bound come to the fore. Lord Rosebery appears to find in the circumstance of Pitt's birth and the details of his childhood the key to his career. "He went into the House of Commons as an heir enters his home. For it and it alone had the consummate Chatham trained him from his birth. No young Hannibal was ever more solemnly devoted to his country than Pitt to Parliament." "These things," Lord Rosebery adds, "alone explain the political precocity and that long Parliamentary ascendency which still puzzle posterity."

Not quite "alone," I venture to think. There is on either side of the present House of Commons more than one young Hannibal whose devotion to a Parliamentary career has been scarcely less carefully devised or more solemn than that of Pitt, and who up to the present time have not shown any tendency to puzzle posterity by their Parliamentary ascendancy.

HENRY W. LUCY.

LITERATURE AND THE DRAMA.

LITERATURE.

ALTHOUGH the old "publishers' season" has been very much extended, and books of note may now appear at almost any time of the year, they are rather less likely to appear in the three months of what is called by courtesy summer than in autumn, winter, and spring. Also I am told that some things of interest have been deliberately held back because of the elections—the principle of the holding back being obvious, though I think mistaken. So there are not very many books to chronicle for the end of June and July, though there are some of unusual interest. Everybody has, of course, been reading the two stories of adventure which, with Mr. Haggard's earlier *Nada*, have made the second quarter of the present year a noteworthy one in the annals of English romance. I believe that Mr. Lang said something of *The Wrecker* (Cassell), when it was still not fully before the public, in this place, but its completion may excuse, and, indeed, require another word or two. I have seen it reproached for beginning "somehow-nohow," and I should be disposed (if I were disposed to take that point of view at all) to complain, from the stop-watch side, that it comes to no particular end. But I am rather sorry for anyone who troubles himself about anything of the kind. Plays and novels are, if not absolutely lawless things, things very nearly lawless; and if they are interesting the devil is in it if they are not good. I have never read anything of Mr. Stevenson's, and I have read very few things of anyone else's, that exceeded *The Wrecker* in interest. The central puzzle may be left on one side by those who do not trouble themselves much about such puzzles. Just as the Admiral thought that Mr. Midshipman Easy might have managed it without putting the Vice-Consul in petticoats, so I think the castaways might have got out of their difficulty without quite so much murder. But that is very unimportant. The opening picture

of the Marquesas, the student life in Paris (a thing often done, and therefore all the more difficult to do well), the auction, the voyage of the *Norah Creina* and that of the *Currency Lass*, the above-mentioned transaction which I have mildly compared to putting the Vice-Consul in petticoats, together with a dozen masterly sketches of character and scenery scattered all about it, make up such a book as there ought to be many to praise and all good folk to love. The only thing that bores me in *The Wrecker* is the Americanism of the excellent Jim Pinkerton, and the rarer exhibitions of it in the teller of the tale. Whether this was the doing of Mr. Stevenson's collaborator, or a compliment to him, or a whim, I know not, but it is odd that the same thing reappears in not dissimilar circumstances in *The Naulahka* (Heinemann), in which Mr. Kipling took the late Mr. Wolcot Balestier for his partner. Here, though the excellencies are not so various as in *The Wrecker*, the sheer story interest of the latter part and the sketch of Sitabhai are beyond praise. Anybody who likes to say a silly thing may say that the Queen is only an Indian Milady, and Tarvin a nineteenth century D'Artagnan. For my own part, I do not know that I have read anything more greedily than this adventure in Rhatore since I read the other diamond-hunt itself. But the hero is rather a nuisance. He is too much favoured by luck. He appears to have what someone has ingeniously called "uninteresting advantages," and it does not seem to be sufficient justification for this that he speaks a very vile corruption of the English language and is deficient in manners. Besides, it has not, I think, been generally noticed that these Panurgic and Ulyssean Americans of fiction are not even original or American. They are all descendants of one of the numerous creations, or half-creations, of that man of still not fully recognised genius, Charles Kingsley. Tom Thurnall, in *Two Years Ago*, is the father of them all, and a very much better fellow than most of them. However, I will forgive Mr. Kipling Tarvin and the opening, and the rather uninteresting heroine (American also), for the sake of Rhatore, and Sitabhai, and the Naulahka itself. The scene by the tank here, like certain of those other scenes above noted in *The Wrecker*, is already, I doubt not, admitted to the library of the Immortals—a very odd library, consisting of but a few whole books, and of not so very many fragments.

The appearance of two such books, written in collaboration, has naturally provoked a good deal more talk on that, to some persons tempting, to others tiresome subject. I have never been able to figure

to myself how a book is written in collaboration at all, and the remarks on the subject published by distinguished collaborators have been far from lightening my darkness. If *I* had a collaborator I think there would be a scene something like that in the cabin of the *Flying Scud* before long. But in the two cases before us the reflections which must occur are uniform, and have no doubt been made by many persons before me. It is not very easy to see where the collaboration in *The Wrecker* comes in, and it is impossible not to see, or to think one sees, where it comes in in *The Naulahka*, and what the effect of it has been. But speculations of this kind are generally idle and foolish things; the other things, the actual things, are delightful. To have, with Loudon Dodd, raced before the storm through the Pacific in quest of that fraud, the *Flying Scud;* to have felt with Tarvin the bosses of the Naulahka between one's hand and Sitabhai's waist, these are two distinct gains which, like that earlier gain of hunting with the ghost-wolves of Galazi, a man would have lost if he had died before this year. They are no small things to set to the *actif* of 1892.

A good deal of curiosity has been aroused by the two anonymous volumes entitled *An Englishman in Paris* (Chapman and Hall). They have been freely asserted to be by, or based upon the notes of, Sir Richard Wallace, and they have been freely declared to be the work of Mr. So-and-So, an agent of Lord Chose, &c., &c. Having read them carefully, I should, in the absence of any positive or trustworthy attribution, be very much disposed to regard them as an adroit fabrication—a thing, however, which is, I suppose, out of the question in a book produced by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. And it would require very strong evidence indeed to make me believe that they are the unadulterated work either of Sir Richard Wallace or of any other English gentleman of the last generation who had access to the best society of Paris. Not only are there vulgarisms of style, both in English and French, which would be excessively surprising in the mouth or on the pen of any such person, but the tone, for instance, of the references to the Empress Eugénie is absolutely unlike what we should expect from Sir Richard Wallace. On internal evidence merely it might seem by no means impossible for a man of some talent, some acquaintance with France, and a fair knowledge of French books, to have constructed this book after the fashion of the sham memoirs so common in the two last centuries. On the other hand, the same result might not improbably be attained by rather unskilful and decidedly free "editing" of genuine materials.

However it may be, if people will publish things of the kind without vouchers of any sort, they must expect them to be criticised merely on their merits. Whatever its exact authenticity, the book is readable and amusing enough. It will not tell those who are familiar with recent French books of a similar kind much that is new to them, and they will not find in the little that may be new much of great importance. But the general English reader will find in it pleasant enough sketches of the old Bohemia of forty or fifty years ago, many personal anecdotes of Dumas, Sue, and others, a good deal (requiring, as we have hinted, the exhibition of "salt" with it) about the Imperial Court, about the Siege, and so forth.

Two curiously different books of essays appeared about the same time, Mr. Huxley's *Essays on some Controverted Questions* (Macmillan) and Sir Herbert Maxwell's *Meridiana, or, Noontide Essays* (Blackwood). There is something of the "noontide," as far as heat goes, about Mr. Huxley's book itself. But whereas Sir Herbert, like a placid monk of Thelema or elsewhere, provides easy reading for his brethren during the period of the siesta, Mr. Huxley sallies forth into the sun and breaks angry lances with all comers amid a great deal of dust and noise. His *Essays*, the contents of which will be familiar to review readers, are very curious, and will add to the mild amazement with which some persons contemplate Mr. Huxley's attitude in such matters as that of the Gadarene swine. He rushes so violently that really—but this is frivolous. Still it is a little wonderful to see a man of such ability and knowledge filling a whole big book with the discussion of what he calls "allegations respecting matters lying within the province of natural knowledge which he believes to be erroneous." For astute persons on the other side have simply to say, "Pardon us: but these matters are according to us *not* within the province of natural knowledge, so that we have no common ground to fight upon." It is surely a very odd thing to write a book of many hundred pages to prove that A is not B for the benefit of persons whose first principle is that B is not A. However, every man must have his diversion, and I suppose that Biblical criticism is to Professor Huxley what stamp-collecting is to some and shooting clay pigeons to others.

In comparison with these lists of modern strife, Sir Herbert Maxwell's book is a haunt of ancient peace. He is an essayist proper, a pillar-to-post talker, who makes rather a pretext than a text of his starting subject, and has no goal whatever. These divagations are very

well known to be pleasant, always providing that they are not tedious. I can only say that I have not found *Meridiana* (there is something of a bribe perhaps in the title which makes one think of gipsies and princesses of romance) tedious anywhere. Sir Herbert talks about all sorts of things, and he talks about most of them well. It is perhaps rather wicked of him to complain of people for giving him wine that is too old, a fault rare and leaning well to virtue's side. But he is quite justified in complaining of those who give it to him too young. The wretches who, with palate enough or not enough to distinguish what they are drinking from Saumur, drink off most of each good vintage of champagne before it is in the least matured, and thereby run up the price of the rest impossibly, deserve harsher censure than his. His "Country Member's Moan," too, is an excellent plea, if only it could be attended to.

The stately and enlarged third edition of Professor Jowett's *Plato* (Clarendon Press: with a sporting offer to anybody who likes to deposit an old copy of a new one at half-price) may seem out of the way of the general reader. I fear, however, that if the general reader reads Plato at all nowadays he is more likely to do it in English than in Greek. Independently of Mr. Jowett's own, much labour of many men has gone to the fashioning of these volumes, and in the matter of Plato at least they will not now be easily surpassed. Some of Mr. Jowett's *obiter dicta* in his numerous new introductions and excursus are rather surprising—the most surprising of all being in reference to "the decline of Greek literature." Here everything, from and including the Alexandrians, is dismissed with more of the old contempt for anything out of the regular round of the Schools than I should have expected from Mr. Jowett. The novels of Longus and Heliodorus are "silly and obscene," the Anthology is "a great many epigrams," the period shows "not a single writer of first-rate reputation," and "only Plutarch, Lucian Longinus, Marcus Aurelius, Julian, and some of the Christian fathers show any traces of good sense or originality, or any power of arousing the interest of future ages." In that case I must admit (what indeed is self-evident) that I am not a "future age." I should have said that Lucian deserves, if he has not got, an absolutely "first-rate reputation"; that the "great many epigrams" include specimens of some of the most exquisite poetry in the world; that to call *Daphne and Chloe* silly is doubtfully wise, and that to call it obscene is, to say the least, prudish, while neither epithet in the least befits *Theagenes and Chariclea*, as some call the *Æthiopics*. But then tastes differ so!

Messrs. Dent have followed up their little edition of Peacock, which I formerly had the pleasure of noticing here, by a companion issue of Miss Austen, who, though more accessible, was equally inaccessible in any form at once handy and comely. To praise Miss Austen is impertinent and almost profane. She is a kind of Innate Idea among novelists: she commends herself to every fit reader as soon as she is proposed.

One of the most promising first books of verse that I have seen for a long time is Mr. Ronald Campbell Macfie's *Granite Dust* (Kegan Paul). There are only about a hundred pages of it, and, of course, these are not all equal. But for original music, for artistic (not impressionist) rendering of impression, and for fresh expression of the eternal commonplaces which form the subject of poetry, I have not often seen a better first appearance. This is not the place for quotation, but I advise readers to take the book and turn to "A Day in June," which contains landscape of the highest merit, or to the "Song" (equally admirable in another way and appealing to another sense with a sort of zither and bell music of rhyme and rhythm) which begins:

"How will the night
Take flight?"

There are other capital things, but these two, I think, give the key-notes of the book best.

Let me also say a few words of Messrs. Grossmith's *Diary of a Nobody*, one of the quietest and justest pieces of humour that have recently appeared.

The Parisian publishers have waked up somewhat from an unusual winter stagnation, and a good many books of interest have appeared during the last month or two. Nothing very remarkable has been published in the novel kind, M. Léon de Tinseau's volume of stories, entitled *Mon Oncle Alcide* (which, according to a new arrangement of its publishers, MM. Calmann Lévy, can be obtained in what used to be called in the nursery a "splendacious" coating of crimson leather or something like leather for an extra franc), and a good "roman de cape et d'épée," *Le Capitaine Ripaille*, by M. Armand d'Artois (same publishers), being about the best. Everybody who loves French poetry should not only read but buy the late M. Théodore de Banville's posthumous volume of "Dernières Poésies," entitled *Dans la Fournaise* (Charpentier), which is equal in metrical mastery to anything of its author's

from the *Caryatides* onward, and has considerably more virtue of stuff than has always been the case with him. The book indeed has an almost unique interest because it is probably the last word of what may be called the middle nineteenth century school in French verse. M. de Banville was the earliest member of that school to publish, and he had written verse for nearly fifty years when he died. It was easy to find fault with him. He was not very inevitable; he did not perhaps take things quite seriously enough; he was, with less natural music and satiric gift, but more science and scholarship, a kind of French Moore. But his mastery of the technique of verse was far greater than Moore's, while he was the only French poet of his time who had a real command at once of light and serious poetry.

Another very excellent book of its kind is M. Ferdinand Brunetière's *Les Époques du Théâtre Français* (Calmann Lévy). I am not sure that it is not M. Brunetière's best book, by which I mean, not that it contains the absolutely best things he has written, but that there is a more even and unbroken merit about it. Here may anyone find examples of the chief epochs of French theatrical production, from Corneille to Musset, treated with altogether unusual knowledge and with very little exhibition of the author's pet prejudices. As a contrast, let me recommend the new seaside album of the ingenious "Mars," *Sable et Galet* (Plon), which exhibits the humours of the southern coasts of the Channel with many agreeable differences as vividly as Leech used to exhibit those of the northern in the days when Normandy, save at one or two points, knew not spade nor bathing hut, and you could buy English native oysters matured in the *parcs* of Dieppe, for thirty centimes a dozen.

To change subjects once more with some rapidity, it may be worth while for anyone who is curious about the Napoleonic wars to know that he can obtain in one small volume of the usual novel size more fresh and striking particulars than I, at least, have ever seen even in the memoirs of Marbot. This volume is the *Souvenirs Militaires de Victor Dupuy* (Calmann Lévy), which the best known of popular French military writers of the present day, General Thoumas, has taken under his wing. Dupuy was *chef d'escadron* of Marbot's own regiment at Waterloo, and before he was broken by the restoration Government had worked his way up in the cavalry by twenty years' and more continuous fighting. His souvenirs have no literary merit, they are pure *faites et gestes*; he makes half a dozen lines out of things which an intelligent penman would extend to a chapter. But the facts are there and are worth hunting

out, for Dupuy took part in all the exploits and disasters of the Grand Army, and in numberless adventures of all sorts earlier.

I may conclude by noting two contributions to the series of *Les Grands Ecrivains Français* (Hachette)—M. Gaston Boissier's *Saint Simon* and M. René Millet's *Rabelais*. Everybody who has ever read anything of M. Boissier's knows how admirably he writes French; but it takes more than good writing to be satisfactory about Saint Simon. M. Boissier's is the best short monograph on that very singular person known to me. If I cannot say quite the same about M. René Millet's contribution to the same series it is only because, speaking somewhat after the manner of Ireland, I do not think there is any "best" book about Master Francis. M. Stapfer's comes nearest, and its merits and defects are singularly complementary of the merits and defects of M. Millet's. This latter has with a great deal of courage presumed knowledge of the facts in his readers and has simply talked about them. Now the question is, does such knowledge exist? I rather doubt it. Still M. Millet's is a capital book on the right side, well hit off, and never tedious.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THE DRAMA.

THE most interesting event of the past month was one which did not take place. After *Lady Windermere's Fan*, we had begun to congratulate ourselves on the possession of a new dramatist. A writer of singular grace and refinement, both in prose and verse, had suddenly revealed a high measure of accomplishment in the dramatic form as well. He had written a play which (perhaps by its very faults of fable) had attracted the paying public; and yet he had not sacrificed his artistic individuality, but had imparted to his dialogue the same distinction of style which charmed us in his non-dramatic work. Here was evidently a talent to be cherished, even, at need, to be humoured. We did not, like the irrepressible Pinkerton of Mr. Stevenson's romance, head our criticisms:

"HE MEANS TO DO BETTER,"

for Mr. Oscar Wilde's Genius was notoriously a tricksy spirit, and apt, in pure mischievousness, to disappoint expectation; but in our hearts

we looked forward to a series of plays of equal distinction and greater seriousness, which should enrich our poverty-stricken stage. Then came the news that Sarah Bernhardt had accepted a poetic play written in French by Mr. Wilde, and that she proposed to produce it in London. In this curious and happy conjunction we saw the promise not merely of an artistic event of unique interest, but of the confirmation and, so to speak, consecration of Mr. Wilde's leaning towards dramatic authorship. Well, *Salomé* was cast and put in rehearsal, the scenery prepared, the costumes ordered; when behold! from somewhere in the purlieus of St. James's, the voice of the All-Wise and All-Powerful was heard to thunder forth "Desist!" Conceive the astonishment of the great actress thus suddenly and summarily informed that her intent was impious and must be abandoned! "Who," she would naturally ask, "is this All-Wise and All-Powerful One, on whose single will depends the very existence of your dramatic literature? By what name is he known among the sons of men, when he descends from his awful judgment-seat?" "His name, madame, is Mr. Edward F. S. Pigott." "What, pray, are the eminent qualities that entitle him to autocratic rule in the world of art? Doubtless he is himself a supreme, a consummate artist? Strange that his name should be unknown to me!" "He was a journalist, madame, like the rest of us, before he became All-Wise and All-Powerful." "Then how was that miracle performed?" "By Act of Parliament." "Ah, then he is subject, as in France, to your Minister of the Fine Arts?" "We have no Minister of the Fine Arts. Nominally, Mr. Edward F. S. Pigott is subject to the official who presides over Her Majesty's Drawing Rooms; practically, he is subject to no one; his will is law." "Now tell me, pray, to what did he object in *Salomé?*" "He is not bound to give any reason for his decrees; but the reason which he holds 'altâ mente reposta' is, no doubt, that it deals with an event mentioned in the Bible." "So Mr. Edward F. S. Pigott is of opinion that religion must necessarily suffer by the treatment, however artistic and beautiful, of any theme connected, however remotely, with Biblical history?" "Nay, madame, you do him injustice. There is no reason to suppose that Mr. Pigott personally, Mr. Pigott as Mr. Pigott, entertains any such stupid opinion. But there are in this country certain Bibliolaters whose prejudices Mr. Pigott, as the Censor of Dramatic Literature, holds himself bound, by Act of Parliament, to enforce." "But are not these Bibliolaters the Puritans who object altogether to the theatre?" "For the most part, yes." "Then why does not Mr. Pigott entirely

suppress the stage?" "Because that would be the logical course, and in England we will endure anything but what is logical." "I am to understand, in fine, that I must not create *Salomé* in London, that I am forbidden to pay your literature and your public this graceful compliment, because Mr. Edward F. S. Pigott thinks that Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown think that Religion is endangered by the artistic treatment of any Biblical theme whatsoever?" "That, madame, is the situation in a nutshell." "Drôle de pays!"

And while Mr. Pigott protects "Yokanan" from the desecrating touch of poetry, the head of the poet is being nightly served up to the British public on a charger of silly ridicule, with the full sanction and approval of the All-Wise and All-Powerful! It is true that Mr. Oscar Wilde is not mentioned in the New Testament; but neither, to the best of my belief, is Mr. Henry Irving, whose sacred head was recently placed under official *tabu*. (Perhaps Mr. Pigott has discovered that Mr. Irving is foretold in the Apocalypse.) What wonder that Mr. Wilde, thus beset with insult and injury at the very outset of his career as a dramatist, should feel tempted, like so many poets of this century (Byron, Shelley, Heine, Hugo, Turguénieff, Ibsen) to seek freedom in expatriation? But behind my sincere regret at this untimely check to Mr. Wilde's theatrical ambition, I am conscious of a malign glee in so exact a fulfilment of a prophecy of my own. I have long maintained that the Censorship is possible only because, and so long as, our drama remains in its intellectual nonage; that the moment it attains to virility it will come into active conflict with official Omnipotence; and that the inevitable issue of this conflict must be the abolition, or radical reform, of so stupid an anomaly and anachronism. The Laureate apart,* Mr. Wilde is the one literary artist of any note who has actively concerned himself with the stage in our time. As though with the special purpose of justifying my foresight, he at once incurs the reprobation of Mr. Pigott, and has to bow before Omnipotence. Well, it is annoying for the moment; but it is the beginning of the end. Unless the present theatrical movement is arrested in some unforeseen fashion, the Censorship (in its actual form) will scarcely survive its present holder. Mr. Pigott has possession, which is nine points of the law, and high personal character and popularity, which more than make up the tenth. But when it comes to appointing his successor——!

* *The Promise of May* would certainly have been vetoed had it been written by anyone *but* the Laureate.

Since *Pauline Blanchard*, of which Mr. Walkley treated last month, Madame Bernhardt has given us only one novelty—a novelty some fifty years old. *Léah* is a poor French translation of a bad American adaptation of a mediocre and old-fashioned German drama. The part of the Jewess does not even come well within Madame Bernhardt's means. In short, the production was an incomprehensible blunder. Delete the epithet, and the same description applies to the revival of *Frou-frou*. The motives which prompted it are comprehensible enough, for *Frou-frou* narrowly escapes being a masterpiece, and Gilberte—the Nora of the Latin stage—used to be, in my judgment at any rate, one of Madame Bernhardt's finest parts. But the first quality which an actress outgrows is precisely that kittenish vivacity which is the very essence of the character. Madame Bernhardt tries hard to recapture it, and attains only to a mechanical, mirthless, haggard jocosity which is curiously painful. Of course she is better in the more serious passages; but these were injured on the first night by a momentary over-fatigue from which she was suffering. Altogether, it was a melancholy evening. But when Madame Bernhardt happens to fall beneath her best level, we can always say with confidence, in the words of the Spanish proverb: "To-morrow will be another day." The night of *Phèdre* was another night indeed. Here was the consummate artist once more, her attitudes a delight to the eye, her action and gesture a study to the understanding, her declamation an almost unceasing joy alike to the literary and to the musical sense. "Almost unceasing," I say, for there are passages in which she overstrains her voice and falls into a rant; and these, it must be owned, are the crucial points of the tragedy. But a few mistaken moments, if they mar the perfection of the whole, are as nothing when weighed against the sum of keen artistic pleasure given by such a performance. We too have beautiful tragic verse, which, as we read it, falls in music on the inward ear. Why have we no one who can speak it on the stage so as to make music to the material sense? Why must we go to France—or to America—for this rarest and most delicate of theatrical pleasures?

The fourth performance of the Independent Theatre brought its first season to a successful close, and introduced to us a Dutch dramatist, Mr. W. G. van Nouhuys. Modern in method, competent in character-drawing, and, in one scene, genuinely original and imaginative, *The Goldfish* falls short of excellence in so far as it lacks subtlety, irony, and distinction. These defects, too, were emphasised in representation, the

three leading parts having fallen into the hands of actors whose intelligence was scarcely equal to their good-will. Nevertheless, the evening was extremely interesting, and quite fulfilled the purpose of the Independent Theatre, which is not, I take it, to present only masterpieces, and these irreproachably, but to give us serious, stimulating, artistic plays with the best forces which happen to be available.

Whatever its intrinsic qualities, *The Goldfish* has rendered us memorable service in suggesting to Mr. A. B. Walkley a luminous generalisation on the tendencies of what (in the slang of the day) he calls the New Drama. His article in the *Speaker* of July 16th is an admirable example of truly dynamic criticism. It is timely, suggestive, wholesome; it makes for lucidity of thought; it helps to "clear our minds of cant." I offer no apology for attempting to carry his process of thought a step further—to suggest reasons for the facts on which he dwells.

Mr. Walkley is troubled as to the future of the New Drama. He "has an uneasy suspicion that, with all its boast of realism, it, too, has its artifices and stereotypes, that it is tending to run into a mould, that it is in danger of substituting one set of conventions for another set." He particularises five stereotypes which crop up again and again in plays of the new school:—(1) The pusillanimous husband: Helmer (*A Doll's House*), Renshaw (*The Profligate*), Hjerne (*Karin*), Koorders (*The Goldfish*); (2) The magnanimous wife: Mesdames Helmer, Renshaw, Hjerne, and Koorders; (3) The wife's silent adorer: Dr. Rank, Hugh Murray, Nils Sundin, Frans Koorders; (4) The catastrophic baby; (5) The "morbid, overstrained, almost inhuman morality." Admitting the fact that these characters and motives tend (more or less) to become stereotyped, let us inquire a little into the why and wherefore.

The pusillanimous husband and the magnanimous wife are, of course, complementary and inseparable—at least until the fall of the curtain. Had Mr. Walkley been so minded, he might have added to his list the husbands and wives in Dumas' *Princesse de Bagdad* and *Francillon*, in Ibsen's *Pillars of Society*, in Mrs. Edgren's *True Women*, and no doubt many others. But all this merely shows that the stage is faithfully mirroring a phase in the social movement of the time. It may even be accused of tardiness in recognising and reproducing the Revolt of Woman. That revolt has proceeded on two main lines: (1) the claim for equality in sexual rights and duties; (2) the claim for equality in legal, social, and intellectual privileges and functions. The former claim, again, has taken two forms: women have demanded (*a*) greater

latitude for themselves, and (*b*) less latitude for the other sex. All these branches of the movement are represented on the stage. To 1*a*, we owe Dumas' *Denise*, *The Pharisee*, by Miss Wallis and Mr. Malcolm Watson, Edward Brandes' *A Visit*, and many other plays—and in fiction (to name only one noteworthy case) Mr. Hardy's *Tess of the Durbervilles*. To 1*b*, we owe *The Profligate*, *Karin*, *The Goldfish*, *Francillon*, Björnson's *A Gauntlet*, Mrs. Edgren's *True Women*, &c., &c. Branch 2 of the movement is mainly represented in *The Pillars of Society*, *A Doll's House*, and *The Lady from the Sea*, but incidentally in *Karin*, *The Goldfish*, *True Women*, &c. In the reaction of modern thought against the injustices to which women have been, and still are, subjected, it is natural, inevitable, that they should for some time be assigned the heroic part and should take the centre of the stage, while men are handled somewhat cavalierly. I do not advance this as an artistic justification, but merely as a sociological explanation, of the phenomenon noted by Mr. Walkley. I heartily agree with him in holding it desirable, both artistically and socially, that the balance, as between the two sexes, should be held a little more evenly. But let him take heart of grace: Woman has not got it all her own way even on the stage. The playwrights of the Théâtre Libre are no woman-worshippers; and August Strindberg, revered of Mr. J. H. McCarthy, is a woman-hater of the strictest sect of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. In *Fräulein Julie* and *The Father* we have our revenge for a whole bevy of Francillons, Noras, and Karins.

Mr. Walkley's third point of attack is a weak point indeed. The silent adorer is unquestionably a convention and a nuisance. He is easy to account for, difficult to justify. His uses are obvious; he replaces the chorus of the Greek, the confidant of the French, tragedies; and he serves as a sort of spiritual lime-light to shed a halo round the heroine in the centre of the stage. Dr. Rank is not only the first but by far the most artistic of the silent adorers. He cannot be called a stereotype; he is rather the mould in which the stereotypes have been cast. And it is to be noted that Ibsen has never repeated him.

We come now to the fourth stereotype, the catastrophic baby; and here I cannot quite follow Mr. Walkley. I think his well-known tenderness of heart leads him to exaggerate the infant mortality in the New Drama. He can instance only two dead babies* in the plays he is

* In the *Star*, he adds Hedvig in *The Wild Duck* to the list of catastrophic babies—a baby who shoots herself!

considering, for the very good reason that there *are* only two. This scarcely amounts to a Massacre of the Innocents, or to a "reckless throwing of dead bodies about the stage." What really pains Mr. Walkley is not that so many children die, but that any children die. He does not think two too many; he thinks one too many. Thus he is not really attacking a stereotype, but stating a personal wish that playwrights would be good enough to ignore the painful fact that we are none of us immortal—not even the youngest. Now, I fully admit that the playwright who kills a child, as Dickens killed Little Nell, simply and solely for the sake of harrowing our feelings, resorts to an inartistically cheap device. He is guilty of unjustifiable infanticide. But that is not the case either in *Karin* or in *The Goldfish*. In each of these plays the death of the child is of the very essence of the drama. It is not "catastrophic" in the sense of being wantonly dragged in to wind matters up with a touch of facile pathos. In each case it may rather be regarded as the starting-point of the true dramatic action. And if Mr. Walkley inquires why children on the whole, whether dead or alive, born or unborn, play so large a part in the New Drama, I reply that it is because of a just instinct which tells the modern playwright that the child is the pivot, the corner-stone, the be-all and end-all of sexual morality. The Old Drama, based on the philosophic (or unphilosophic) assumption that the mere fact of existence was a benefit for which the child owed unlimited gratitude to its parents, dealt mainly, on the tragic side, with filial duty (as in *Hamlet*, *Lear*, *Romeo and Juliet*), on the comic side with ingenious attempts to evade the *patria potestas* in the matter of marriage. It is the characteristic, and, I do not hesitate to add, the glory, of the New Drama that it has (in *Ghosts* and elsewhere) remorselessly analysed the conception of filial duty, and has substituted for it, as a dramatic motive, the converse ideal of parental responsibility. That, my dear A. B. W., is the "true inwardness" of the catastrophic baby.

As for the "morbid, overstrained, almost inhuman morality," that is a failing which, in the very terms of the case, cannot be alleged against dramas of Class 1*a*. In dramas of Class 1*b*, on the other hand, it is almost inevitable, being a natural result of the aforesaid reaction. The moral code which has allowed polygamy to man and forced monogamy on woman has never, in Teutonic countries at any rate, been openly avowed. The sowing of masculine "wild oats" has always been regarded as an error, nay, a sin, which, however, it was the duty of "the womanly woman" to condone, and even, in her heart, to admire as something